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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE AUGUST 6, 1943

'THE BEGINNING OF THE END!' declared Mr. Roosevelt when he spoke of the Allied invasion of Sicily on July 10, 1943. Many months of arduous training made Britons, Canadians and Americans irresistible when at length the day of the Sicilian adventure arrived. First sea-borne troops landed on Sicily before it was light, and this night scene shows men of the R.A.F. Regiment unloading runways from a landing-craft during a dawn rehearsal at a training centre.

Photo, Daily Herald

NO. 161 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, AUGUST 20

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE invasion of Sicily is an accomplished fact, and although the complete occupation of the island and the annihilation of the Axis forces defending it may take time, the issue is no longer in doubt. Moreover, clear proof has been given that amphibious operations on a great scale are practicable and that the Allies possess the resources, organization and leaders to carry them through successfully.

In Russia the German offensive (which had just started when my last article went to the press), whatever it was designed to achieve, has evidently failed conspicuously. The Russian counter-offensive has compelled the enemy to adopt a defensive attitude. It may result in the Soviet forces regaining the initiative which they had temporarily lost at the close of their great winter campaign. The situation will be discussed more fully below, for it is one on which there has been great diversity of interpretation.

In the Far East the American operations in New Georgia are proceeding steadily, but the Japanese force at Munda is strongly entrenched and is certain to fight like rats in a trap. In their attempts to assist the Japanese Navy has twice suffered serious losses ; and the expenditure of Japanese aircraft has been high. These results are more important than the rapid annihilation of the detachment. The New Guinea operations also are bound to go slowly, but the capture of the Mubo post by the Australians is an important step towards closing in on Salamaua.

Lt.-Gen. PATTON, commanding the U.S. 7th Army in Sicily, personally led the decisive attack which threw back two regiments of German tanks at Gela on July 12, 1943, after the Americans themselves had been driven back twice. *Photo, Fox*

SICILY The amazing completeness of the success with which the invasion of Sicily was accomplished should not suggest the idea that the difficulties and dangers of amphibious operations on a great scale have been exaggerated. Rather should we be astonished that it was possible to organize an armada of such unprecedented size and to bring it safely and in secrecy to its appointed theatre of action.

The success of the operation depended primarily on thorough preparation and

STRIKING TOWARDS CATANIA, second largest city of Sicily, the 8th Army had breached German defences at Lentini on July 15, 1943. Four days later (July 19) they had captured an important defence position on the outskirts of Catania itself. (See also map in page 133)
Map by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph

wonderful organization on the part of all three Services, but especially by the Navy. But we should not lose sight of the other factors which contributed to success, some of which were due to mistakes made by the enemy, unlikely always to be repeated. Control of sea communications by the Navy and mastery in the air were clearly essential preliminaries; they did not imply action by those two Services outside their normal role, but the conditions were favourable for their attainment owing to great numerical and qualitative superiority and the possession of suitable bases.

THE first phase of the actual operation—the sea passage—could therefore be carried through in fundamentally favourable circumstances. The immense size of the armada and the fact that Sicily was a clearly indicated objective made it seem, however, that surprise in the fullest sense would be unobtainable. That surprise was achieved is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole operation.

It was due primarily to the amazing accuracy in time and direction with which the various components of the convoy reached their disembarkation points along the 80 miles of coast on which landings were to take place. That the armada escaped observation either by aircraft or by the enemy's light surface vessels or submarines may be accounted for partly by the completeness of our sea and air control ; but the gale which sprang up during the time of the passage may have induced the enemy to relax precautionary reconnaissance.

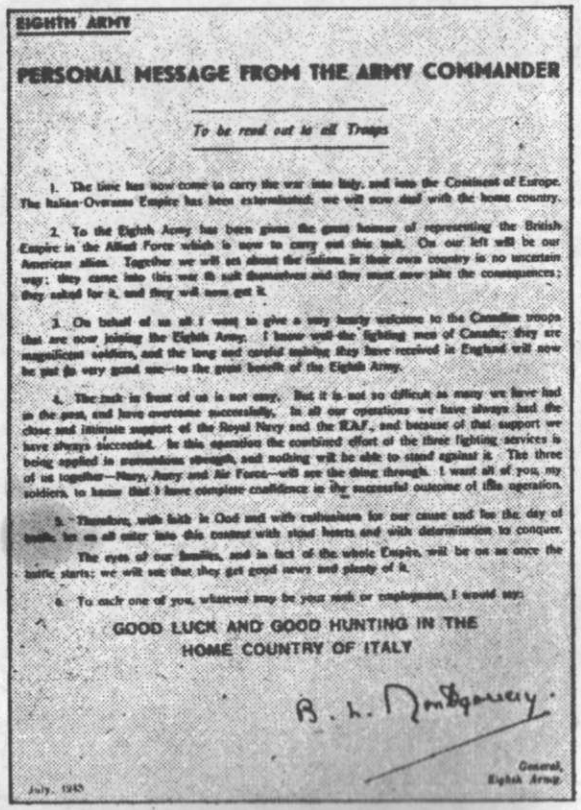
It would certainly be unwise to count on similar attainment of surprise in future operations. Disembarkation of the troops, also the responsibility of the Navy, was evidently carried out with the greatest speed and absence of confusion, much helped, of course, by the perfection of the landing-craft employed. The first phase of the operation gave a triumphant display of Naval efficiency, but it rested on the Army and the Royal Marines to take full advantage of the wonderful start given them. Clearly they displayed immense dash, sustained energy and initiative as they drove rapidly inland.

FIRST the beaches were firmly secured; then, without a pause, the troops pressed on to establish a bridgehead. Within 24 hours one had been gained, of a size adequate for the deployment of large forces, containing three airfields and, even more important, the port of Syracuse. The Italian troops first encountered were chiefly local coast defence militia, and on the whole their resistance was feeble, though at points they fought with determination. Airborne troops, landed by parachutes and gliders during the night some hours before the arrival of the main body, contributed to the success, though, owing to the stormy weather, parties got separated and were not in every case put down at the points intended.

Full information as to what they achieved is not yet available, and some parties were certainly overwhelmed and captured; but it is undoubted that their appearance helped to distract attention and to give rise to the impression that only a sabotage raid was in progress. They must, therefore, have given valuable assistance to the main operation. The well-timed and heavy bombing of the Headquarters of the defence added to the confusion and accounted largely for lack of co-ordination in the resistance offered.

The second phase of the invasion, the capture of a bridgehead, had therefore been unexpectedly easy and great energy was shown in exploiting this success. A counter-offensive was expected within 72 hours after the first landing. A measure of caution consequently was necessary, and in any case lack of transport limited the size of advanced parties and the distance to which they could penetrate in order to enlarge the bridgehead. But no counter-offensive came, and, except for local counter-attacks at Augusta, after its capture by our advanced troops, and at Gela against the Americans, the Axis was concerned mainly in defence.

The two counter-attacks mentioned were carried out by parts of the Herman Goering Division, a new division under an old name.



EIGHTH ARMY

PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM THE ARMY COMMANDER

To be read out to all Troops

1. The time has now come to carry the war into Italy, and into the Continent of Europe. The Italian Overseas Empire has been exterminated; we will now deal with the home country.

2. To the Eighth Army has been given the great honour of representing the British Empire in the Allied Force which is now to carry out this task. On our left will be our American allies. Together we will set about the enemy in their own country in no uncertain way: they came into this war to suit themselves and they must now take the consequences; they asked for it, and they will now get it.

3. On behalf of us all I want to give a very hearty welcome to the Canadian troops that are now joining the Eighth Army. I know well the fighting men of Canada; they are magnificent soldiers, and the long and careful training they have received in England will now be put to very good use—to the great benefit of the Eighth Army.

4. The task in front of us is not easy. But it is not so difficult as many we have had in the past, and have overcome successfully. In all our operations we have always had the close and intimate support of the Royal Navy and the R.A.F., and because of that support we have always succeeded. In this operation the combined effort of the three fighting services is being applied in tremendous strength, and nothing will be able to stand against it. The three of us together—Navy, Army and Air Force—will see the thing through. I want all of you, my soldiers, to know that I have complete confidence in the successful outcome of this operation.

5. Therefore, with faith in God and with enthusiasm for our cause and for the day of battle, let us all enter into this contest with stout hearts and with determination to conquer.

The eyes of our families, and in fact of the whole Empire, will be on us once the battle starts: we will see that they get good news and plenty of it.

6. To each one of you, whatever may be your rank or employment, I would say:

GOOD LUCK AND GOOD HUNTING IN THE HOME COUNTRY OF ITALY

B. L. Montgomery

General,
Eighth Army.

July, 1943

They had some temporary success, but were eventually driven off with heavy loss. Why the great opportunity for counter-attack, which must always exist in the few days immediately following a landing in any region where the enemy has substantial forces, was not seized is difficult to explain. It was more surprising than the failure of the Italian fleet to interfere with the landing operation, and the failure of the Luftwaffe to act vigorously against shipping and congested beaches.

WHY Did the Axis Fail to Counter-attack?

It appears probable that the enemy was convinced that the landing would be made at the Western end of the island and had disposed his counter-offensive reserves on that assumption. The assumption would not have been unwarranted, for there are more and better harbours at the Western end, and it lies closer to the air bases and harbours of Tunisia. The Allied air forces had also paid special attention to that end of the island.

THE enemy may also have considered that a landing in the south-east of the island close to his air bases on the Italian mainland was improbable. With his reserves wrongly disposed the Allies were given a chance of exploiting the unexpected, and the bombing of defence Headquarters combined with the bombing of roads must have added greatly to the difficulty of readjusting faulty dispositions. Having lost his opportunity the enemy was compelled to fall back on a purely defensive strategy in view of the rapidly increasing Allied strength. Henceforward the campaign is bound to develop on normal lines, with Catania and the main Axis east and west communications passing through Enna, as the chief immediate objectives.

The struggle may be protracted in view of the mountainous and defensible nature of the country, but the Axis forces with little hope of reinforcement or of successful evacuation are clearly in danger of disaster comparable to that of Tunisia. Since the naval and air superiority is well established there should be few of the difficulties which caused delay in bringing the Tunisian campaign to a climax.

Gen. GUZZONI, Axis C.-in-C. in Sicily, who, on July 19, 1943, removed his H.Q. to Reggio di Calabria on the Italian mainland. He reported to King Victor Emmanuel that he was unable to guarantee prolonged resistance in Sicily. *Photo, Associated Press*

RUSSIA When their offensive opened the Germans, presumably in order to mislead, announced that it was merely a local counter-attack which had unintentionally grown in scale on the initiative of local commanders; and that it was the Russians who had made the first move. This pretence was not kept up, but at no time have the Germans claimed that their attacks amounted to more than operations to forestall a Russian offensive.

When, however, they were able to announce the penetration of the Russian defences they admitted that the battles raging were of unprecedented violence and promised to produce results of decisive importance. In Moscow it seems to have been thought that an all-out offensive had been attempted. To me personally it seemed inconceivable that the Germans, with danger threatening in the west and south, would risk entangling themselves in an all-out offensive entailing long advances and the employment of constantly increasing numbers.

That the offensive had been carefully prepared and was on an exceptional scale cannot be doubted. The very large number of Panzer divisions employed was sufficient proof of that. But the probabilities seemed to be that territorially it had a limited objective and that its main object was to forestall and disrupt Russian offensive plans. Its immediate object was evidently, by simultaneous attacks, southwards from Orel and northwards from Byelgorod, to pinch out the Russian salient west of Kursk, encircling and annihilating the strong Russian Army within it.

The very high proportion of Panzer divisions in the two thrusts made it clear that blitzkrieg action was aimed at in order to make Russian withdrawal difficult. Obviously, if rapid decisive results could be obtained not only would Russian offensive power be greatly reduced, but a shorter and more defensible front could be established, giving, especially, security to Orel which would no longer stand in an exposed salient. With these results achieved, greater freedom to divert forces to meet the threat of the western Allies would be attained.

From the first the German plan, whatever it was, miscarried. The thrust south from Orel failed, after heavy losses, to make any substantial progress. The thrust northwards from Byelgorod after some days of desperate fighting did succeed in driving wedges through the Russian defences and emerged into open country. It is impossible yet to say how deep the penetration was, but it is clear that ferocious fighting continued and the Panzers never succeeded in establishing freedom of movement. Both sides threw in reserves, and the Germans claimed that a great battle of attrition was in progress in which Russian reserves would be exhausted.

It was, in fact, a case of victory going to the side which could conserve its last reserves. After nine days of furious fighting it became evident that it was German reserve strength that was becoming exhausted, and the intensity of the fighting died down. At the same time Stalin and Zhukov again proved that they were masters of the principle of conservation of reserve power. They had demanded the utmost tenacity from their defending troops and had refused to divert reserves intended for an attack on Orel.

WONDERFULLY well timed, the attack was launched before the Germans at Byelgorod had recovered sufficiently to renew their efforts. Both Orel and its railway communications with Bryansk are threatened, and the Germans have been forced to withdraw the Orel arm of their pincer plan to meet the danger. It would probably be too much to expect that Orel will be captured or even be completely isolated, for it has been strongly fortified as a hedgehog position. It is certain however to become too restricted an area to retain its value as an offensive spring-board.

The Germans claim that the Russian attack on Orel is merely a diversionary operation to relieve the danger to their Kursk position, and that the Byelgorod battle has actually destroyed Russian power of conducting a major offensive. Even if that were so it would hardly compensate for the immense losses suffered by their own picked troops. It could not be expected that the Germans would admit failure, but their complaints that bad weather prevented them achieving a decisive victory is tantamount to an admission.

CENTRAL RUSSIAN FRONT. By July 20, 1943 the Russians had made further important gains in the Orel sector. The white line and white arrows in this map show the German front at mid-July; black arrows indicate Soviet attacks.

SICILY INVASION COMMANDERS

The British forces taking part in the invasion of Sicily are under the command of **Gen. Montgomery**, who led the Eighth Army in North Africa.

The commanding general of the American Forces (composed of the new United States 7th Army) is **Lt.-Gen. George S. Patton**, aged 57.

Other senior officers under **General Eisenhower**, commanding the combined operations, show little change on the posts held during the North African campaign. They are:

C.-in-C. Mediterranean: **Admi. of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham**, age 60.

Naval Commander: **Admi. Sir Bertram Ramsay**, age 60.

Deputy C.-in-C. Allied Forces: **Gen. Sir Harold Alexander**, age 51.

Air C.-in-C. Mediterranean Air Command: **Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder**, age 52.

Naval Commander United States Forces: **Vice-Admi. Henry K. Hewitt**, age 56.

Commanding General, North-West African Air Force: **Lt.-Gen. Carl Spaatz**, age 52.

Commanding North-West African Tactical Air Force: **Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham**, age 47.

Commanding General Strategic Air Force: **Maj.-Gen. James Doolittle**, age 46.

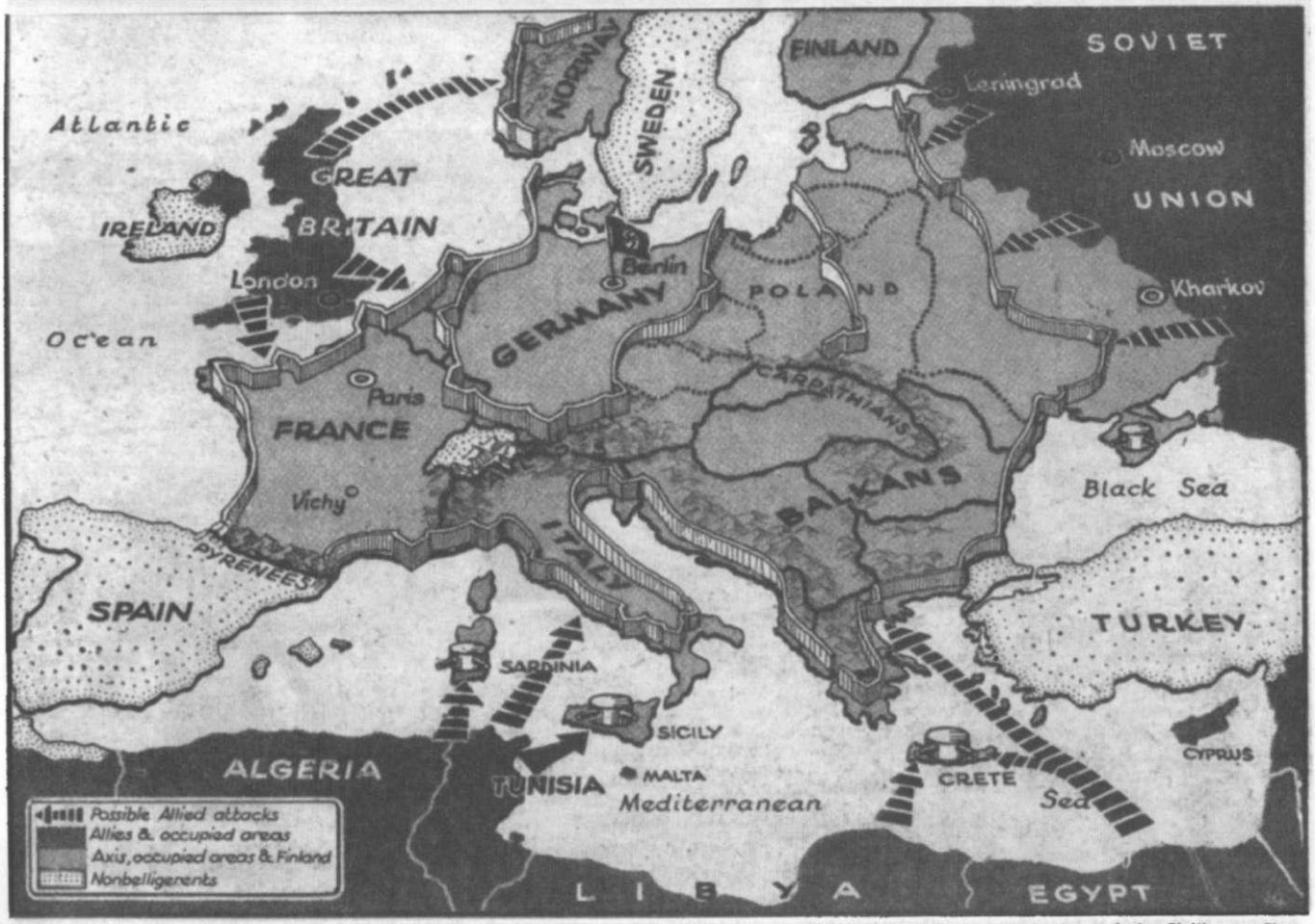
Air Officer Commanding North-West African Coastal Air Force: **Air Vice-Marshal Sir Hugh P. Lloyd**, age 46.

Swift Advance Follows Landing on Sicily's Coast

PUSHING ON INTO SICILY. Allied forces had occupied one half of the island by July 21, 1943. British infantry (1) advance from Pachino, capture of which was announced on July 12, towards Augusta, which fell two days later. Two infantrymen (2) enter a street in Pachino. Army pack-mules (3) for use in mountainous areas are led ashore from landing-craft, and (4) not unwilling Italian prisoners are marched into the main square of Licata, capture of which, by the Americans, was announced on July 12. Only 11 days after the landing, the Axis forces in central and Western Sicily were retreating towards Messina, in the north-eastern tip of the island, facing the "toe" of Italy. But the struggle for Catania—some 20 miles north of Augusta—was still proceeding, with General Montgomery's men of the 8th Army making steady progress towards the conquest of the town.

British Official photographs by radio from Algiers

After Sicily Comes the European 'Fortress'



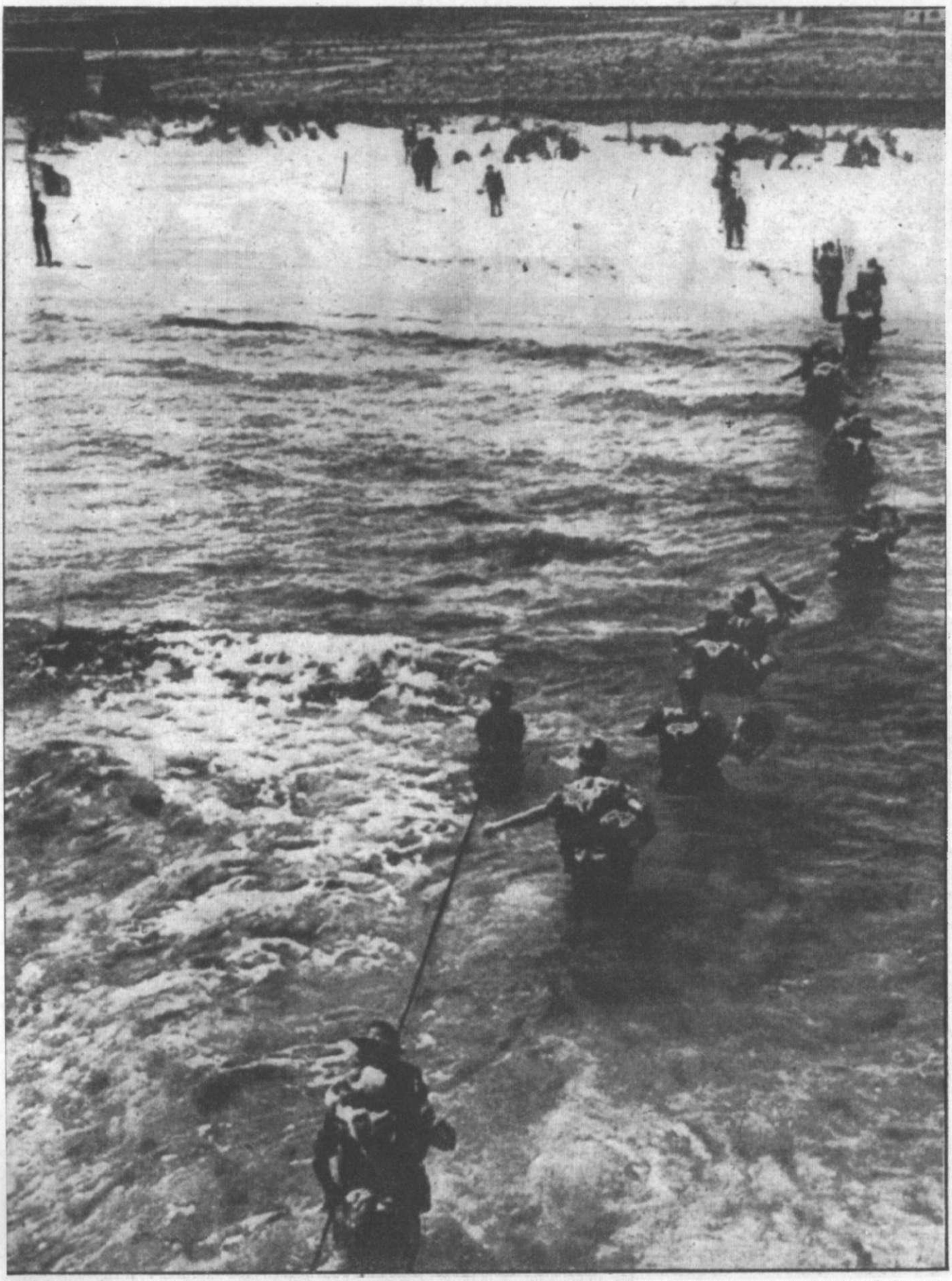
SICILY—AND THE LARGER TARGET. Stiffer enemy resistance encountered by July 19, 1943, indicated that the first phase of the Sicilian conflict was over. By then we had occupied all that part of the island south of a line drawn from Empidocle to the outskirts of Catania. The upper map shows Sicily's communications and air bases. The lower one, outer and inner fortification "walls" of Hitler's European "Fortress." Solid black arrow indicates our Sicilian thrust; broken arrows, directions of further possible invasion blows. *New York Times and News Chronicle*

The United Nations Attack Europe's Under-Belly

AMERICAN SHERMAN TANKS are seen in the top photograph splashing their way towards the Sicilian shore during the Allied landings on July 10, 1943.] By July 19, U.S. forces had advanced westward from Gela to Porto Empedocle (see map on page 133). Below, infantrymen have just disembarked from the landing-craft on the left. This new type of vessel has shaped instead of square bows, resulting in greater speed and it is fitted with ladder-gangways to facilitate disembarkation. (See also illus. page 139.)

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone

Our Invaders Set Foot on the Sicilian Shore



JUST OUT OF THEIR LANDING-CRAFT, Allied infantry wade up the Sicilian beach, the foremost of them heading in the direction of the sand dunes seen in the background. The Italian shore defences "folded up like a concertina," and within a few hours after the landings on July 10, 1943 our troops had penetrated several miles inland. By July 13 Allied forces were firmly established in the S.E. corner of the island, and by July 19 one-third of Sicily was in our hands, together with more than 35,000 prisoners.

Phs., British Official: Crown Copyright

LANDED BY THE ROYAL NAVY on a beach in Sicily on July 10, 1943, British troops, wading keee-deep, have here formed a chain to pass the ammunition. In the background a tank from one of the landing-craft is ploughing through the shallow water. An almost unending flow of vessels, escorted by the Allied Navies and further protected by aircraft, has kept our increasing invasion forces fully equipped with guns, tanks and other supplies essential to the successful prosecution of the great task in hand.

Radio photo from Algiers

THE WAR AT SEA

by **Francis E. McMurtrie**

As this is written, reports of the internal condition of Italy suggest that the end of Italian resistance cannot be so far away as was thought before the invasion of Sicily began. In these circumstances it is perhaps hardly surprising that the Italian Navy has shown no sign of coming out of port to fight. That this is due to any lack of courage no one who knows the Italians is going to believe. Neither should it be ascribed solely to inadequate air support, though this may be a contributory reason. Another explanation that has been presented is that there are no longer enough destroyers in the Italian fleet to provide an anti-submarine screen. This is hardly supported by the facts.

It is true that fully fifty of his destroyers have been sunk since the Duce decided to take the fatal plunge in June 1940. Probably about a dozen more have disappeared in various ways, so that the total wastage may be assessed at something over 60. Yet there were 130 destroyers or large seagoing torpedo boats in the Italian Navy at the start of the war, with 12 more under construction.

In addition, there are at least two Yugoslav destroyers, the Dubrovnik and Ljubljana, which are reported to have been taken over by the Italians and renamed Premuda and Sebenico respectively. It would seem, therefore, that there may be quite 70 still in service ; enough to afford ample screening to a bigger battle-fleet than ever Italy has been able to muster, even if some deduction be made for destroyers under refit.

This leads to the conclusion that the object in keeping the Italian fleet out of action is mainly a political one. Mussolini doubtless considers that the retention under his control in two different ports of some six or seven battleships, over a dozen cruisers, some 70 destroyers, and an uncertain number of submarines and other warships, is equivalent to the possession of a certain number of bargaining counters. But he will find it difficult to bargain with adversaries whose only terms are unconditional surrender.

Whether similar ideas are entertained by the Nazi rulers of Germany it is impossible to tell. At the end of the last war, when the situation became desperate for the Germans, their fleet was ordered to proceed to sea and fight, but broke out into mutiny instead. This mutiny did not affect the submarines, being confined mainly to the big ships at first. Long periods of idleness in port, with the gradual picking out of key ratings for duty in U-boats, led to discontent and insubordination.

There is always the possibility that similar conditions will produce the same results. Germany's big ships in the present war are by no means so numerous as in the last, but they must have had an even duller time. Several of them have been stationed for over a year in Norwegian waters, far removed from their homes and with a definitely unfriendly population around them. They have the added discomfort of knowing that the homes of many of them are in nightly danger of being wiped out by Allied bombing, which was not the case in 1918. Thus it is possible there may be some element of truth in the stories from Sweden of sailors in the German squadron at Trondheim becoming restive under the strain.

MIGHT Have Won War For the Axis

One of the principal objects with which Germany dragged Italy into the war was connected with the fact that Italy's geographical position, aided by the possession of a powerful fleet, gave her the opportunity of cutting British communications with the East through the Mediterranean. Until quite recently, indeed, it has been necessary to send the bulk of our shipping via the Cape of Good Hope instead of through the Suez Canal, involving an enormous addition to the distance to be covered and consequently to the time occupied in the voyage.

From London to Aden via the Mediterranean and Suez Canal is just over 4,600 miles ; by way of the Cape of Good Hope it is 10,200 miles. This extra strain on our already overtaxed shipping resources, combined with the greatly improved opportunities given to the U-boat attack on commerce by the simultaneous withdrawal of France from one side and the entry of Italy on the other, might well have won the war for the Axis. It must be admitted that it was a close thing.

Had Japan come in sooner the situation would have been even more desperate. As it was, the United States had been given a certain amount of time to prepare for the danger which ultimately materialized at Pearl Harbour. This second crisis of the war was almost as acute as the first, and but for the experience gained in dealing with the earlier emergency it is questionable whether it would have been possible to struggle so successfully with the second.

After the war is over in Europe there will remain a tremendous task still to be accomplished in the Pacific and Far East. It will require all the resources of the United Nations to overcome the stubborn resistance which the Japanese are accustomed to offer even when there is no hope of relief from a desperate position. Not until the Japanese fleet has been induced to fight it out and has been completely annihilated will the ultimate victory be in sight. Nor is it to be expected that surrender will follow immediately ; for the real rulers of Japan are the soldiers, who do not grasp the implications of sea power.

Had it been left to the Japanese naval chiefs, it is to be doubted whether the decision to challenge the united sea power of the British Empire and the United States would ever have been taken. But with the army holding the controlling influence, wielded by Tojo, it was not to be expected that naval views would receive much attention.

By this time it is possible that some glimmering of the truth is beginning to penetrate into Japanese Army circles. Their troops are being sacrificed freely in endeavours to hold back the Allied advance in the Solomons and New Guinea, but without complete command of the sea it has proved impossible either to prevent landings in New Georgia or Nassau Bay or to reinforce the threatened garrisons. Already severe losses have been inflicted on the Japanese naval forces that have vainly attempted to escort transports to New Georgia.

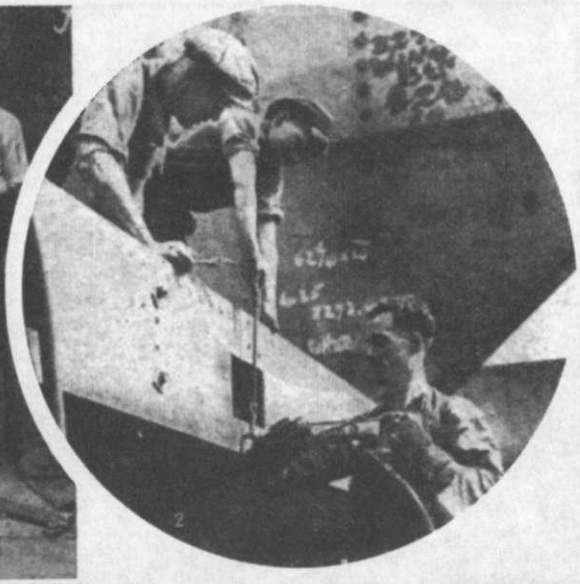
Though there seem to be plenty of cruisers and destroyers left in the Japanese Navy, the supply cannot be inexhaustible, and sooner or later the time will come when there are not enough to go round. At the same time, the Allied superiority in all classes of warships continues to grow with increasing speed. When the European situation has been cleared up, the naval reinforcements immediately available should be sufficient to turn the scale in the Allies' favour.

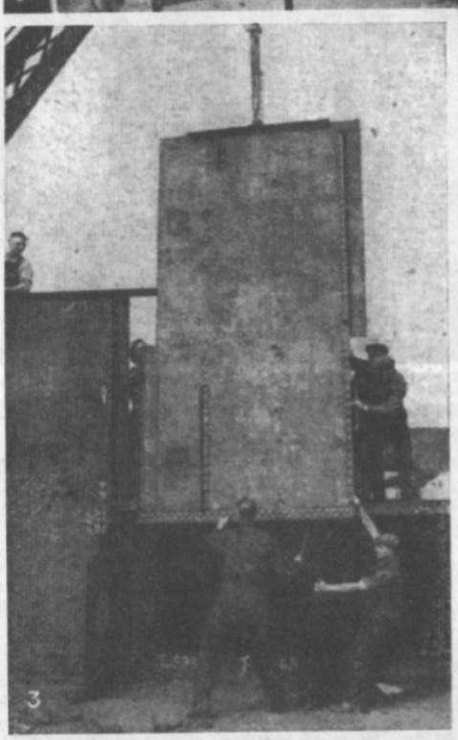
Allied Navies Do a Mighty Job Magnificently

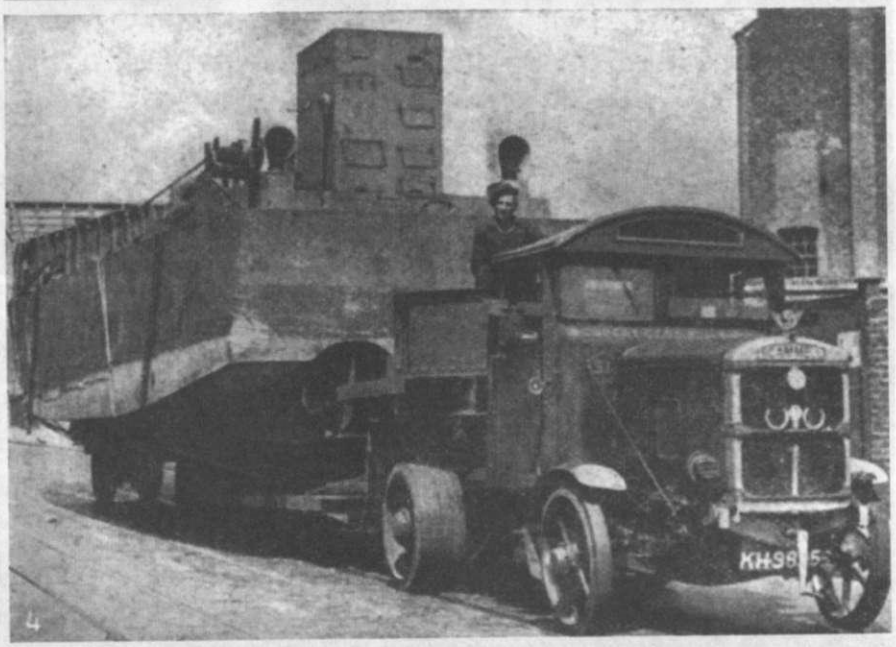
SUCCESS OF OUR LANDING OPERATIONS in S.E. Sicily on July 10, 1943 was due largely to the faultless efficiency of the Allied Navies. The invasion armada was composed of about 2,000 vessels of all sizes, from cruisers to "little ships," and the troops were put ashore dead on time. Top, en route for Sicily; inset, Admi. Sir Bertram Ramsay, K.C.B., M.V.O., Naval Commander Combined Operations in the Mediterranean. Bottom, American L.C.I. landing-barges laden with troops ready for departure.

Photos, British Official; Daily Mirror

They Helped to Make the Invasion Possible



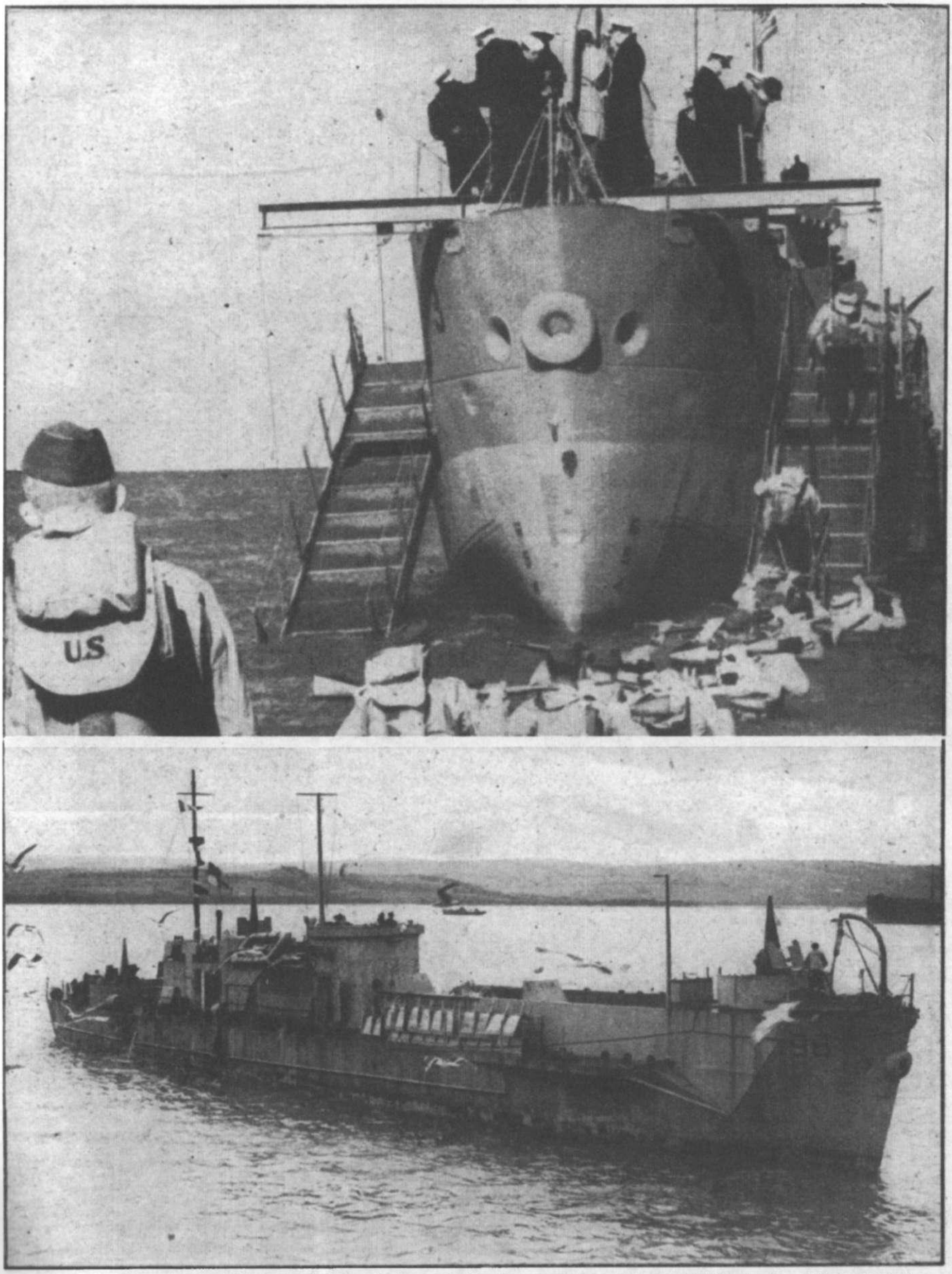




BRITISH INVASION CRAFT which played so successful a part in the assault on Sicily on July 10, 1943 represented many months' work in our shipbuilding yards. These boys (1) heated the rivets which the riveters (2) are seen driving home. A great side-plate (3) being moved into position for riveting. Finished invasion barge (4) being transported seawards by means of a lorry. The dinner-hour (5) is welcomed after a hard morning's work well done. The smiles became even broader when these Home Front workers learned of the great results of their arduous labours. Another type of invasion craft is shown in the opposite page.

Photos, Fox

How Our Assault Troops Crossed to Sicily



NEW TYPE OF INVASION CRAFT that greatly increased the speed with which assault troops gained the Sicilian beaches. Built in U.S.A. from Anglo-American designs, it has several interesting features, including the ladder-gangways (see also page 134) which are lowered as soon as the vessel enters shallow water, enabling troops to disembark from both sides. Top, U.S. troops clambering up one of the gangways during rehearsal in Britain. Bottom, one of the new craft with gangways raised.

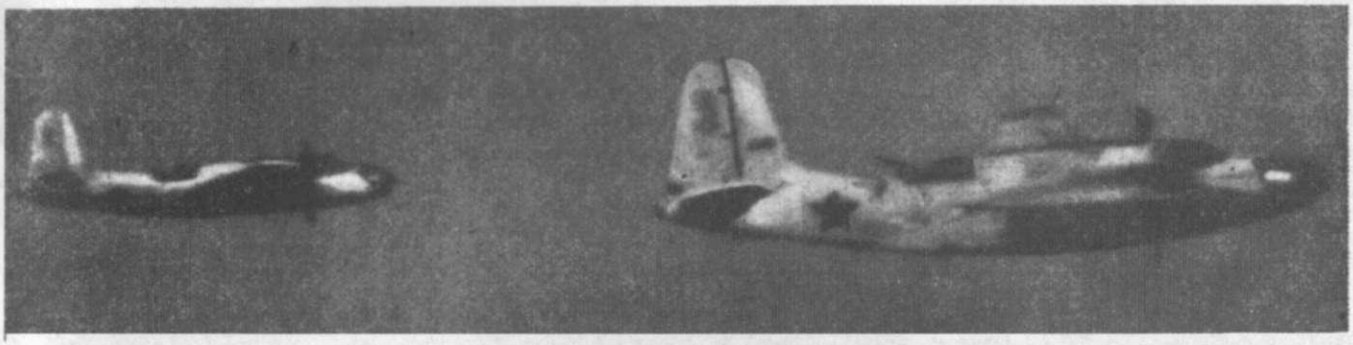
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

With a Red Bomber Squadron in the Caucasus

SOVIET AIR FORCE CREWS assembled at their base (1) for the take-off; they are about to set out on an important sortie; Capt. Maluinov, the Squadron's Commander, is seen on the right. 2, Stormovik dive-bombers swoop low among the mountain valleys as they attack enemy ground targets entrenched on the precipitous hillsides. 3, In close formation the Stormoviks roar above snow-clad peaks. 4, The Commander, smiling and confident, gives the signal for yet another take-off.

Photos, S. Kafafyan, Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

The Germans Drove a Wedge—At What a Cost!



ON THE CENTRAL RUSSIAN FRONT, in the Byelgorod-Kursk-Orel sectors, battles began on July 5; three days later German tanks drove a wedge into Soviet positions at Byelgorod. By July 14 the enemy had little to show for his terrific onslaught. In the first six days of the offensive he was reported to have lost 2,609 tanks and 1,037 planes. Bottom, Russian anti-tank gunners fire at a Panzer unit across a river in the Byelgorod area. Centre, U.S. Boston Bombers flown by Soviet aircrews operate over Kursk. Top, German machine-gun post in the marshes of the Kuban bridgehead, where the Russians took an important position on July 18, 1943.

Photos, Pictorial Press and Associated Press

What Goes On in the Lulls Between Attacks?

Intensive planning and material preparation on a colossal scale—with nothing left to chance and always with an eye on the clock—are in progress when there is "nothing in the news." Here ROBERT DE WITTE explains what tremendous thought and labour are involved in the preparations to move an attacking force, such as that which descended upon Sicily.

Two thousand ships laden with men, equipment, lorries, armoured cars, tanks—these and more formed the spearhead of the invasion force which struck at Sicily in the early hours of Saturday, July 10, 1943. They will be followed by more ships, more men, more materials every hour until the island is conquered.

To have assembled this great force with its equipment down to the last bootlace and sent it off according to a split-second time-table within two months of the last major battle securing the ports in North Africa is a remarkable feat, exceeding anything that the Germans, for all their reputation for organization, have been able to do. Just what the preparation of such an invasion armada involves is not appreciated even by those who see loaded ships in endless procession leaving port.

When the last Axis soldier in North Africa stopped fighting many people expected that they would pick up their newspapers in two or three days and read that Allied forces had landed in Europe and were continuing the chase of Axis armies where they had left off in Tunisia. As days passed there was a sense of anti-climax. There was "nothing happening," as the man-in-the-street put it.

In fact a very great deal was happening, more perhaps than at the height of the battles in Tunisia. Victories in modern war must be succeeded by "pauses" while preparations are made for the next battle. And where the victory has been on the beaches the pause is likely to be a long one, for completely new kinds of equipment have to be brought up for the next operation, which is necessarily amphibious.

Planning Delivery

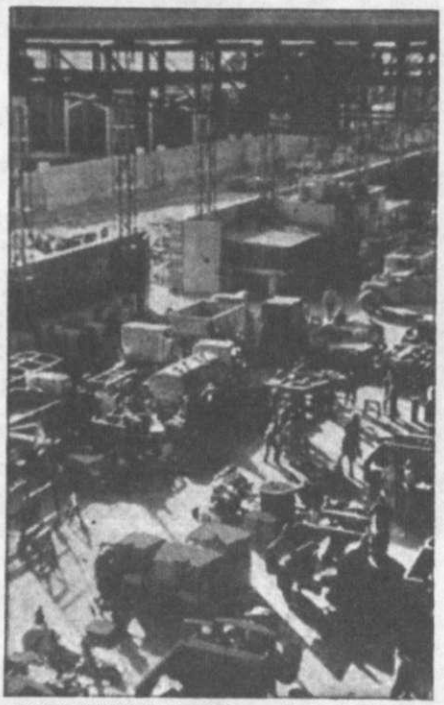
A modern army requires a fantastic amount of equipment. A modest figure is 12,000 tons per division for "warlike stores." Put this in another way and you find that moving a comparatively small army of 100,000 men will require a convoy of perhaps 100 large merchant ships. Bringing the stores to the dockside needs several hundred trains or perhaps 40,000 lorries. And mere numbers is only half the problem. The men, materials, weapons, food, medical supplies and so on must be brought in the right order to the right place at the right time.

Remember that the British army uses 3,500,000 different items of equipment, from small instruments to 30-ton tanks, and you will appreciate that planning delivery, much of it under fire, makes the transport problem of a West End store in a peacetime Christmas week seem simple.

But the piling up of supplies in anticipation of an attack is only the first stage. The attacking armies have to be fed and supplied while they fight, and preparations for this must be made long before they go into action. A successful landing in, say, Italy would end in disaster if the arrangements for perhaps 400 tons of supplies a day per division were not completed to the last detail. Actually, the Eighth Army advancing across North Africa required 520 tons a day per division; but one-fifth of this was water, a difficulty that might not be found in better-watered battlefields.

Before giving battle preparation must be made for exploiting success. This means having ready materials for repairing railways, roads and ports and for setting going again public utilities such as power-houses and waterworks which might have been damaged. Before the Eighth Army struck at El Alamein specialists had made plans for repairing everything between Egypt and Tunisia! The result was that the railway destroyed in 208 places was completely repaired in 28 days, and ports like Benghazi and Mersa Matruh, which the Axis thought they had utterly destroyed, were handling hundreds of tons every 24 hours within a short time.

The final battle of North Africa was not amphibious, as any future operation against the Axis must be. To get some idea of the complexity of large-scale amphibious operations, take some of the figures which it is now permitted to give about the American landings in Morocco and Algeria. The complete preparations to move the modest armies took 15 weeks. During this time



MAIN ASSEMBLY SHED at an R.E.M.E. Middle East depot where thousands of transport trucks and other vehicles are assembled, serviced and delivered in record time for use by the Allied armies. *Photo, British Official*

700,000 different items were assembled and packed. They included over 20,000,000 lb. of food, 38,000,000 lb. of equipment and 10,000,000 gallons of petrol and oil.

The fuel was conveyed partly in tankers, partly in small drums which could be carried ashore by two soldiers. The "logisticians"—as the U.S. call the men who plan the movements of men and materials—also worked out and set in motion the machinery for the replacement of all this material as required. Experience shows how long a pair of boots or a set of tires will last. Replacements must be there. And the period varies with the pace of the fighting and the terrain. The Eighth Army required 2,000 tires a day. U.S. soldiers were expected to wear out boots at the rate of seven pairs in three months. In kinder terrain tires, caterpillars, boots and "spares" of all kinds are not required in such numbers.

Shipping is the determining factor in amphibious operations, and upon the number of ships available may depend the size and formation of the invading force. Long experience enables the experts to say very precisely what materials and men they will transport, not such a simple matter when you remember that the order in which materials are packed, the unloading facilities at both invasion port and attacking points, and the proportion of material to be packed ready for action, all have to be forecast and taken into account. The most economical method of packing is in cases, but where weapons will be required immediately on landing this is not possible. The normal calculation is very nearly 180,000 packing-cases for a division.

Many of the calculations have, of course, been standardized so that all the experts have to do is to multiply the standard equipment by the number of units which have to be transported. The usual basic unit is the division. But even the simplest operation calls for an immense amount of additional material. For instance, if the area to be attacked is infested by mosquitoes or suffers from extremes of heat and cold, special additional materials will be required in large quantities—mosquito nets, sun glasses, furs, skis or whatever it may be, in thousands.

Prisoner Problems

Then there are maps and photographs. The experts will prepare them first for themselves, so that they may not only make a general calculation on the tonnage that can be handled on every beach and harbour, but a really detailed one, down to the exact berth to be taken up by each ship with its special cargo. The invading army will require maps and photographs in thousands. Over 1,000 different maps and 5,000 different air photographs were printed, some of them in hundreds, for the invasion of Morocco and Algeria. The more detailed maps have to show, if possible, the minutest features, on a scale of nearly one inch to the furlong.

Even this very condensed account of some of the preparations that have to be made for a major amphibious operation will explain the "pauses" that must occur. The Germans had six years to prepare for their attack on Poland, Holland and Belgium and France. Yet even they required a long pause for preparations after the initial successes in Flanders, and they waited nearly two months after their conquest of France before considering the time to be ripe for the aerial attack that was to precede the sea invasion of Britain.

One of the reasons for their delay when immediate assault might have caught Britain virtually unarmed was that they were choked with the prisoners and booty they had taken. They had made elaborate preparations for clearing prisoners rapidly; but weeks had to be spent in "digesting" their booty.

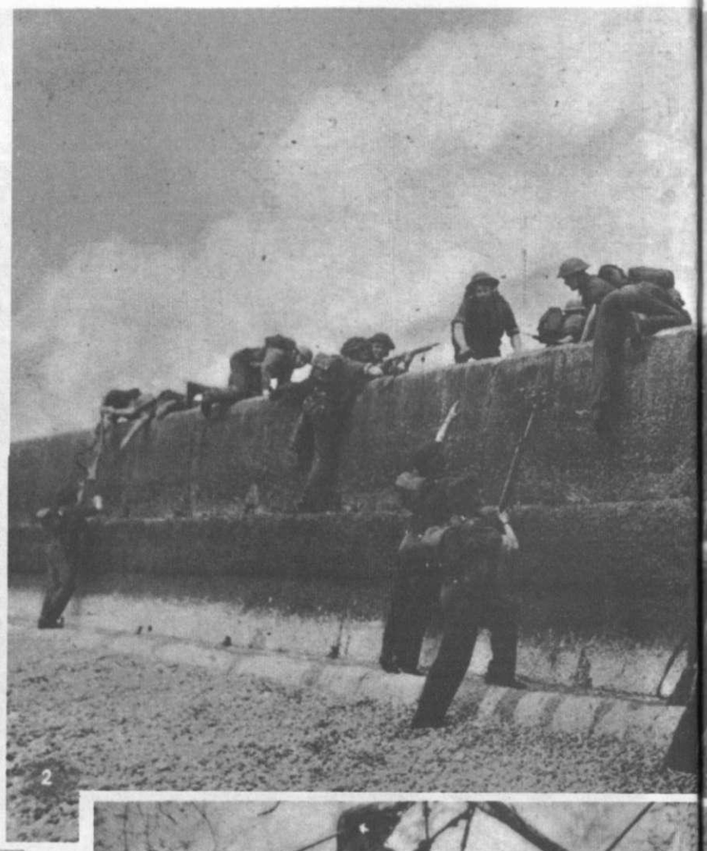
We have been faced with something like the same problem in North Africa. The 291,000 Axis prisoners, taken at the end of very overloaded lines of communication, have been a major problem, absorbing transport and manpower.

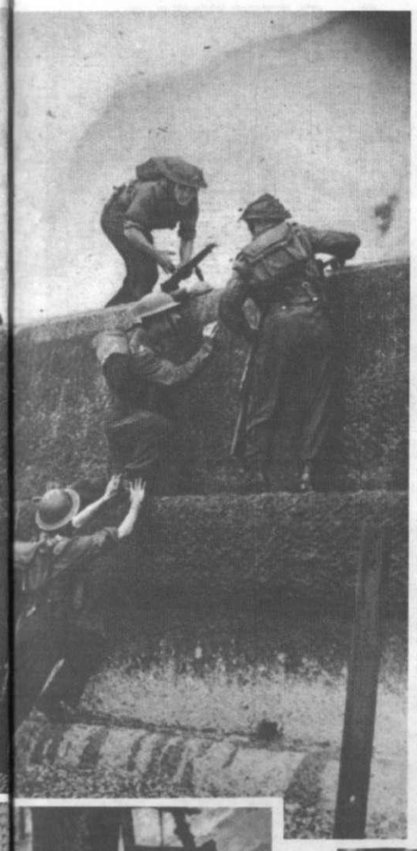
Plans, perhaps in some detail, may exist for all the major battles which the Allied High Command anticipate will end the war. The movement experts have probably worked out to the last cartridge just what will be required for anticipated operations far ahead of the speculations of even the boldest amateur prophets. But the actual carrying out of these huge movements of men and materials is a three-dimensional operation in which the time factor cannot be compressed beyond a certain point, even with the help of air transport being increasingly used by the Allies. Hence the pauses.

Photos, Fox, Planet News

Our Sea-Soldiers Storm the Beach

The recent landings on Sicily owed much of their success to the toughness, efficiency and skill of our assault troops, the result of months of most rigorous training. The first British officer to step ashore in Sicily was a Royal Marine—and here are men of that famous Corps of sea-soldiers carrying out a grim rehearsal. At top they are seen gaining the crucial initial foothold on land, while below a section is providing covering-fire for its advancing comrades.





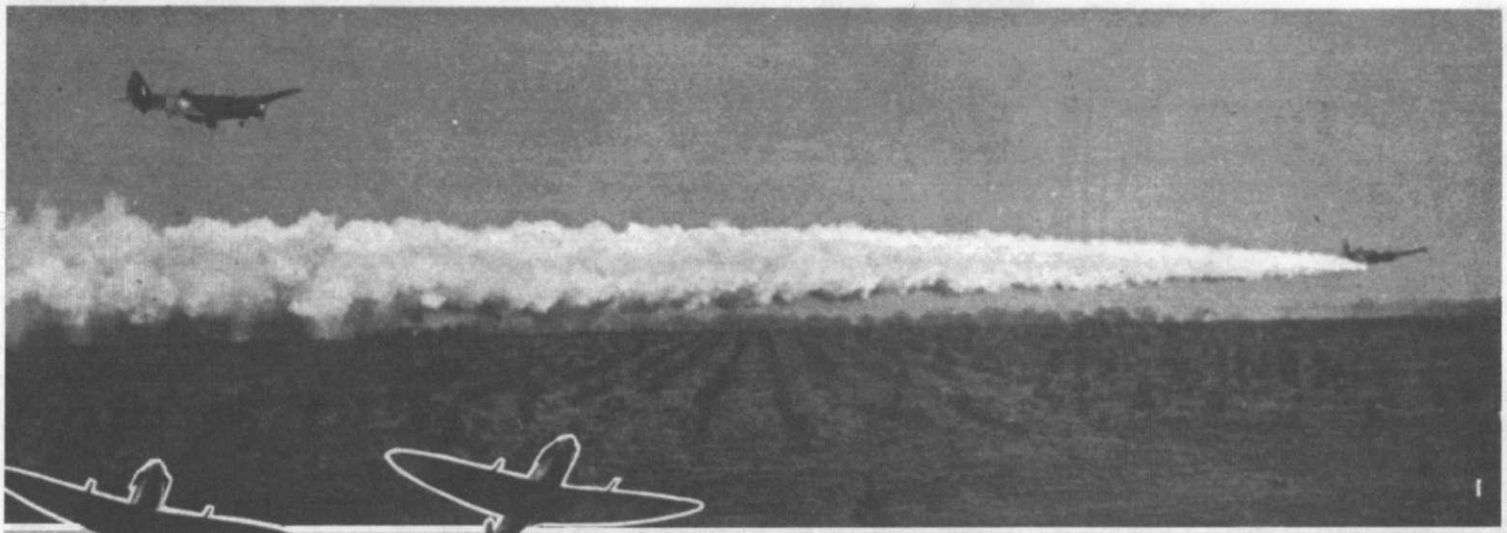
Swift Work Follows the Landing

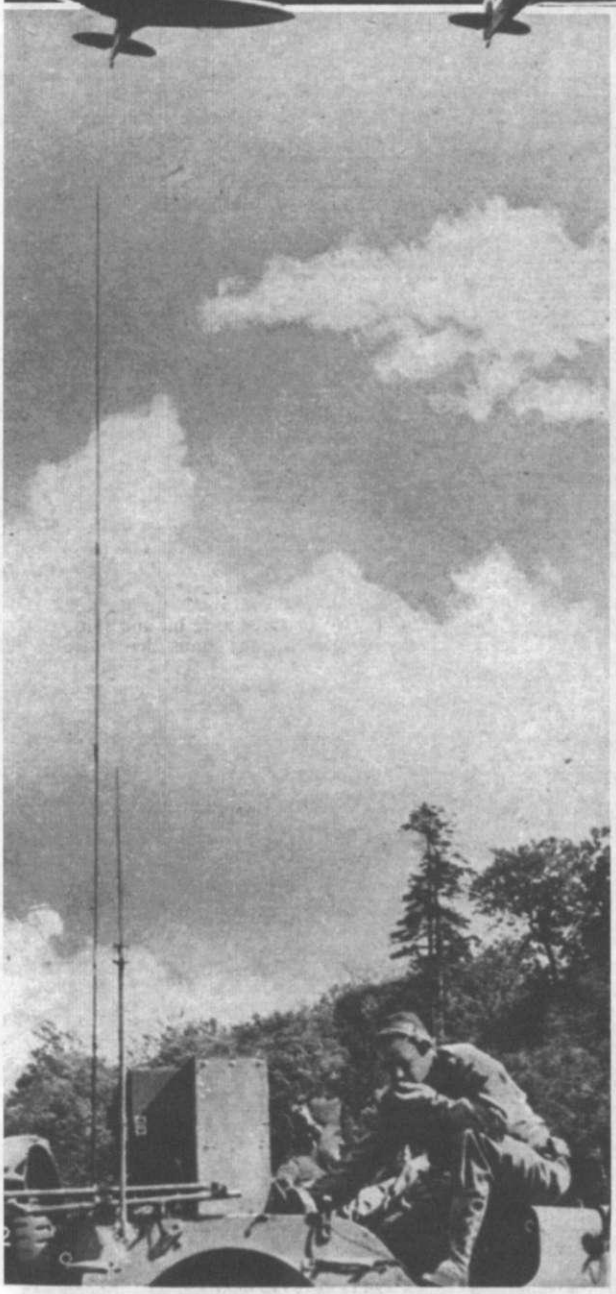
Clothes and equipment bundled in a ground-sheet and pushed before them as cover and gun-rest (1) Marines of the advanced landing-party negotiate a river a short way inland, to work round to the enemy's rear. A concrete sea-wall backing the beach (2) proves no insurmountable obstacle with disciplined hauling and pushing, and a jetty (3) is rope-scaled with incredible speed, whilst a rifle group sees to it that the brisk proceedings shall not be unduly interrupted.

Photos, Planet News, Central Press

Stiff Hazards are Taken at a Stride

Even a vertical cliff (4) gives the "Jollies" foothold, burdened as they are with battle equipment. At the top of the rope sudden action may develop—but the men above are speedily protected by comrades with light machine-guns. A cross-river scramble and a downward climb (5) are tackled as coolly by these U.S. Rangers who have trained with their British allies; they are swinging down netting into their waiting boats to carry the inland advance a stage farther.





The Attack is Pressed Home

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Fox, P.N.A.

A dense smoke-screen to cover the advance (1) is put down by low-flying Blenheims, whilst a Jeep (2) summons Spitfire support by radio to aid the foremost units. Ultimate success is largely dependent on uninterrupted and rapid intercommunication, and this is provided and maintained by men of the Royal Corps of Signals; here (3) an A.A. gunner protects cable layers. Personal camouflage, especially at dawn and dusk, is vital and in (4) two Marines prepare to rush an enemy reconnaissance patrol and with bayonet-work ensure that news of the advance shall not leak back that way.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

Infantry Officer in the 'Phoney' War

THE P.B.I.! I suppose everyone knows what the letters stand for. The phrase was invented, I believe, during the last war. The poor b—— infantry invented it themselves. It is an example of that half-jocose, half-pathetic humour in which the English, Cockneys especially, excel. I feel sure it must have been a Cockney who first spoke of the P.B.I. And after reading Infantry Officer (Batsford, 6s.) I am more than ever convinced that those initials exactly fit the case.

As the author is a serving soldier he cannot put his name to the book. All we are told about him is that he is a young man, about twenty-four; but what he writes reveals a stubborn, obstinate character and a lucid, observant mind. He needed them both in France during those catastrophic weeks between the opening of the Hun offensive in May 1940 and evacuation via Dunkirk.

Of the first eight months—he went out at the beginning—little is said; but there is one painfully significant, casual remark: "During those eight months I don't think I took part in one field exercise." We have learned since then the absolute necessity of practising over and over again the operations the infantry will be called on to undertake. Was there no general on our side who saw it in those months of "digging and drinking"? Alexander must have known; it was he who started intensive field training after Dunkirk; but he was not high enough up at the time. The truth was the commanders-in-chief did not know their job. We know the Germans were being put through the most realistic rehearsals of what they were to do when the offensive started. We did next to nothing in that line. Fortunately the commanders-in-chief today are of very different mentality.

Educated French people the author found friendly and understanding. With the peasants he had some trouble. One day a piece of anti-aircraft shell made a small hole in a farmhouse roof. He went to ask if men should be sent to mend the tiles. "All the thanks I got from the old woman of the house was a hysterical tirade on England's responsibility for the war, and a pewter mug hurled at my head."

No more helpful was the French General of a division who later was encountered in a village near Lille. "He had lost his division. He didn't seem to care very much. In fact, the only thing that worried him was ourselves. He hated our intrusion and tried to order us out. But we stayed." He refused stupidly to have anything to do with the British or to help in any way the miserable refugees who arrived in streams. The mayor of the village and the one policeman had bolted. "So we British were left to deal with the pathetic and ever-increasing lines of waifs." A food counter was set up and a tin of something with a packet of biscuits given to each person. Their gratitude knew no bounds.

It was not easy to spare these rations. They had to be protected against a company of French Moroccans or they would all have been stolen. One-fifth of the little force was on constant duty "guarding our stores, hiding what liquor there was in the village, stopping fights, and carrying home drunks." Very different was the squadron of Cuirassiers that was in support—for a few hours. "They were as good as only good French troops can be. We had seen so much of the rottenness of France, the selfishness and gutlessness of it all, that it came as a great joy to meet the real France again."

If there had been more of that "real France" the invasion would not have taken the army so completely unawares. I well remember how surprised some of us were when the Germans struck at France and Belgium on the morning after Chamberlain had dismissed Parliament for a fortnight's holiday. How was it possible, we asked, that he did not know what was coming? At the front they were equally in the dark. Our Intelligence failed criminally. "To say we were caught with our pants down would not be a misstatement," says Infantry Officer. We were utterly unprepared for the astonishing sequence of events which followed.

The author was actually on his way to the coast for ten days' leave which had been granted as a matter of course, with no anticipation of the war suddenly becoming real instead of "phoney." He hurried back, and found his battalion in Belgium. The Belgians were in panicky retreat. When it was suggested to a Belgian Guards colonel that he might "forget about escaping and try to defend Brussels," the capital of his country, he retorted furiously, "You English teach me how to fight a battle! Pah, I spit in your eye!"

How chaotic the Battle of France was many incidents illustrate vividly. Here is one. While the battalion was moving away from Brussels towards the enemy, some of it came under machine-gun fire. "It was very frightening to see red-hot tracer bullets flashing past our ears in the darkness. We flopped down quick and started to reply with our Brens." Then it was discovered that the machine-gunners were not German, but belonged to the Middlesex Regiment! Here is another episode that shows how mixed-up everything was. A regimental policeman was directing traffic at a cross-roads in Flanders. The nearest German troops were supposed to be twenty miles away. An armoured car came hurtling along the road. While it was still some distance away the policeman waved it on.

Suddenly a burst of machine-gun fire came from it and bullets spat on the ground at his feet. He took a flying leap on to his motor-bike, which by the grace of God was ticking over at the side of the road, and went off hell for leather with the armoured car, a Hun, after him, firing for all it was worth.

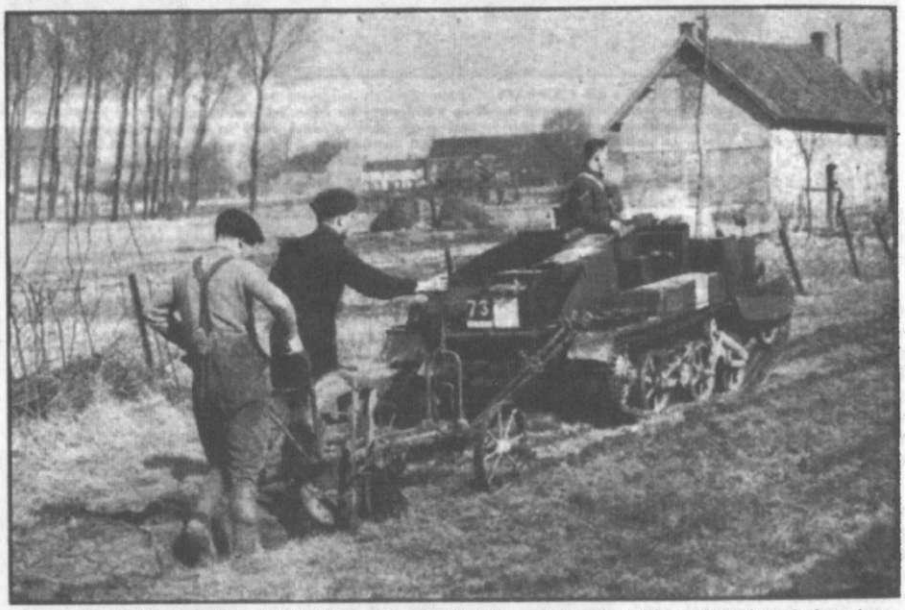
He got away, but "the incident shook him." No wonder! "What the car was doing twenty miles behind the lines, God alone knows," the book says piously.

Really there were no "lines." No "front" lasted for more than a few hours. The best account of a battle in the Napoleonic wartime can be found in Stendhal's novel, *Le Rouge et le Noir*: it is better even than Tolstoi's descriptions in War and Peace. The book under review gives an excellent idea of a modern battle, fluid and confused, small separate engagements going on in many places far distant from one another, small bodies of troops compelled to act on their own initiative: that is to say, on the initiative of some completely junior officer or sergeant—or private, maybe.

In "the first real fight we had with the enemy" it was the author who did most of the commanding. The chief incident was the knocking-out of an enemy tank which was left "stuck bottom-down and belly-up in a ditch." Some motor-cycle combinations were also smashed and a dozen Germans put to flight by six of our fellows. It is minute affairs of this kind that make up the infantryman's battle today, in open warfare.

His worst ordeal is being bombed or shelled without much chance of cover. But a lot of artillery fire can be sent over without much result. For an hour "Jerry pumped shells at us and not one man did he kill. In fact, only two or three were hit and those not badly." Yet at one time they were marching "in full view of his guns." Luckily "he could never quite get the range."

If he had done we should have missed a piece of writing that both depresses and thrills—and makes one think.



BEFORE THE BATTLE OF FRANCE commenced—when our men out there were largely inactive—the troops eagerly jumped at any chance to relieve their boredom. Having no better use for their Bren gun carrier, these men of the Royal Irish Rifles went 'back to the land' with it and hitched it to a French farmer's plough. A first-hand description of life in the B.E.F. in France when there was as yet no real war, and after, is given in the book Infantry Officer, reviewed above. *Photo, British Official*

Cyprus—A Thorn in the Side of the Axis

Impending Allied operations may bring Cyprus well into the limelight, and the part it may perhaps play in our invasion strategy is sorely puzzling the Axis at this moment. In this page HENRY BAERLEIN throws considerable light on this small island in the Eastern Mediterranean.

A LITTLE larger than the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk combined, and with a population of some 380,000, the famous island of Cyprus occupies today a very important strategic position in the Eastern Mediterranean. Since the beginning of the war the role of Cyprus has oscillated more than once from the offensive to the defensive and back. It is not generally known that up to the French collapse it was partially garrisoned by French troops from Syria, no doubt with offensive designs on the Italian islands of the Dodecanese.

Thereafter, with the fall of Crete and with Rommel's advance, Cyprus lived through critical days; but, although the necessary naval and air operations could be better carried out from Alexandria and Malta, General Wavell (as he then was) made the bold and, as it turned out, very wise decision to send to the island substantial reinforcements from his hard-pressed forces.

To such a degree was this done that the Germans, in spite of repeated Allied radio warnings of invasion, became rather shy of attempting to capture what they and the Italians are now constantly speaking of as a strong base, whose possibilities are only diminished by the German base at Crete, but which has, say the Germans, a friendly Turkey on its flank.

No one now seriously expects that Cyprus will be invaded; it is clearly for offensive purposes, and especially for the air offensive, that preparations have been made. A glance at the map may suggest what targets can most usefully be attacked from Cyprus. Not Crete, which is much closer to the Libyan aerodromes, nor even the greater part of Greece, although the airfield six miles south of Salonika which we bombed on June 6, 1943 is equidistant from Cyprus and Benghazi.

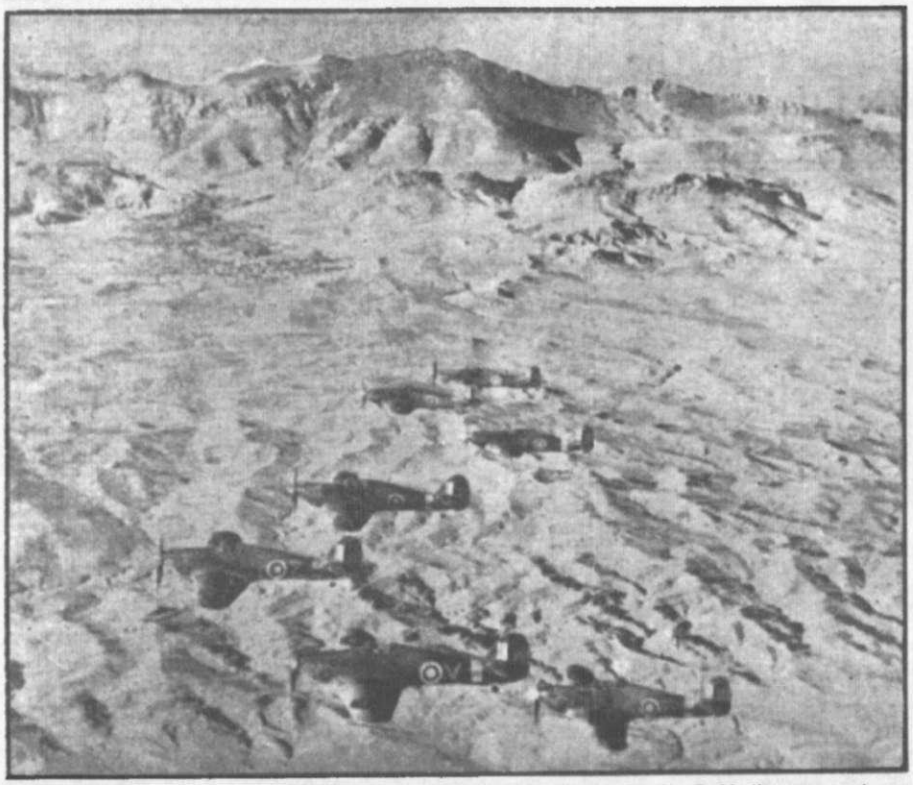
But Rhodes, the obvious first objective in this area, is less than 300 miles from Cyprus, as against nearly 400 miles from Alexandria. Not far from Rhodes is Leros, whose port between lofty hills and with a winding entrance from the sea has been turned by the Italians into their most powerful base in the Dodecanese. Farther afield are the Black Sea ports of Varna in Bulgaria, and Constanza in Rumania, not to speak of the oilfields in the latter country.

These objectives, which lie between 600 and 800 miles from the nearest Allied-occupied territories, are all closer in a direct line to Cyprus than to any available alternative base. Whether, with a neutral Turkey intervening, the United Nations contemplate using Cyprus aerodromes for such raids is one of the many questions, answers to which are being vainly fished for by German radio propaganda.

If we decide upon an offensive in the Aegean it may be that the Dardanelles will be open to the Royal Navy. The passage of merchant shipping by day is now unrestricted, while warships would be allowed to pass if giving assistance to a State which is the victim of aggression, which the Soviet most certainly was two years ago. It should be remembered that Cape St. Andreas in Cyprus is a mere 52 miles from the Asia Minor mainland.

IT is common knowledge that Famagusta, the island's chief port, does not bear comparison with Malta or Alexandria; on the other hand, the great Mesaorian plain in Cyprus, celebrated in ancient times for its crops of cereals and now being brought back by irrigation works to its former prosperity, is much more desirable from an airman's point of view than the restricted and rocky area of Malta.

Mr. Churchill has referred to the not inconsiderable body of troops in Cyprus, including many Indians and his own former regiment, the Fourth Hussars. The Germans have stated that the island is crowded with American troops, which may or may not be the case. There are some thousands of refugees from Greece, and of course the one desire of all the able-bodied men amongst them is to oppose the oppressors of their native land. The Cyprus Regiment, comprising transport and pioneer companies, came into being on a voluntary basis in the first months of the war. It has served in Greece, Crete, Egypt, Libya, Syria and Abyssinia. (In Greece, owing to the difficulties attending the evacuation, some 2,000 officers and men fell into the enemy's hands and are now prisoners of war in Italy or Germany.)



R.A.F.'s CEASELESS VIGIL OVER CYPRUS. This British outpost in the E. Mediterranean (see page 404, Vol. 6) has for many months held itself in readiness to face an imminent assault. Recently there has been every indication that the island may play a vital role in our offensive warfare. A Hurricane squadron is shown patrolling above the mountains. *Photo, British Official*

FOR home defence there has been formed the Cyprus Volunteer Force, while several detachments of Cypriot girls, some of whom are now in Palestine, have been recruited for the A.T.S. This is a distinct innovation, for the local ideas on the subject of chaperonage are traditionally not less strict than those prevailing in Malta, where Girl Guides, until very lately, were constrained to march through side streets in order not to offend the susceptibilities of their menfolk.

When Cyprus launched her War Loan, the first of its kind in the colonies, over £200,000 was subscribed in the first week. Wartime conditions have raised the price of the good local white wine from 3d. or 4d. a bottle to about 1s., while olive oil, which used to be 3s. 6d. a litre, is now 10s. These increases have benefited a number of farmers, who have taken the opportunity to pay off their mortgage debts.

Source of Supplies

Their chief product, the locust bean, after being a drug in the market for a year or two (in this country it forms the staple diet of the giraffes at the Zoo!), came with the war into good demand as fodder for military and civilian transport animals throughout the Middle East. Cyprus, by the way, has an admirable breed of mules that have done excellent war service. They can be more recalcitrant than ordinary mules, but for the men who understand them they will perform incredible tasks. Among the war materials produced in Cyprus are asbestos and chrome, while a great many men in the various Services are today wearing buttons manufactured in Cyprus, without being aware of it.

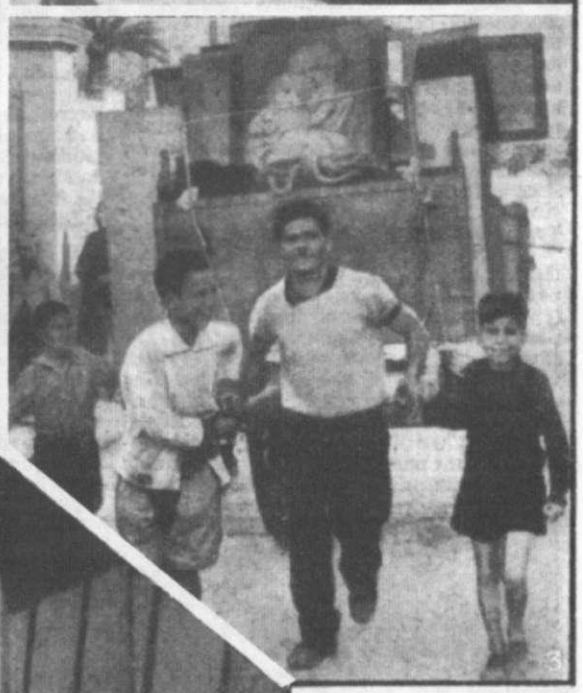
IT must not be imagined that Cyprus has been immune from air attack. On April 29, 1943 her gunners shot down their fifth enemy bomber. These hostile visits have, if anything, increased the war zeal of the people. They are as sturdy today as were their ancestors in the fourth century, when a separate branch of the Eastern Church was founded there, and the archbishop was given the privilege, which he still enjoys, of signing his name in red ink!

After the French collapse, even when the forces in Cyprus were reduced to a minimum garrison, a spark of the offensive appeared in the sortie against the Italian seaplane base of Castellorizo, which is generally assumed to have been made from Cyprus. We have lately been informed by Axis radio that this small island has been "abandoned by the enemy." One can understand their apprehension as Cyprus becomes to them a more and more formidable opponent.

As Handed Out to Others by Mussolini

ALLIED BOMBING OF SICILY steadily mounted in intensity during the weeks between the Axis collapse in Tunisia, in May, and our invasion of the island in July 1943. Every target of military or strategic importance was heavily attacked. Futile attempts by Marshal von Richthofen, the Luftwaffe chief in S. Italy, to halt the Allied offensive cost him tremendous losses in aircraft.

For a week preceding the invasion, day and night attacks by the N. W. African and Middle East Air Forces were maintained. Air-Marshal Tedder (who planned the heavy day-light raid on military objectives in Rome, on July 19) threw into the onslaught every type of aircraft, from Fortress to fighters. Axis communications were paralysed and their air forces neutralized during this "softening" of the island.



THE SICILIANS had full and overflowing draughts of the "medicine" as prescribed for others by Mussolini. During our pre-invasion onslaughts they sheltered (1) in cellars and caves. Inspecting new fighter aircraft brought up to meet the offensive, the King of Italy (2, centre) personally encouraged his pilots. Evacuation of civilians (3) from target areas proceeded hurriedly. The wall news-sheet (4) in Palermo, the sea-port capital, was anxiously scanned from hour to hour.

A stirring message to the Italian people, signed by Pres. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, was broadcast from Algiers on July 16, 1943: "We take no satisfaction in invading Italian soil and bringing the tragic devastation of war home to the Italian people. But we are determined to destroy the false leaders and their doctrines which have brought Italy to her present position."

Photos, Planet News, New York Times Photos, Keystone

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

IT has become axiomatic in the course of this war that air superiority is essential to the success of surface forces. Up to the present this has been the more readily conceded in relation to land than to sea operations, due partly to the influence of old-inherited traditions upon the British outlook on sea power, and partly to the fact that the naval side of our war organization persists in carrying the nomenclature of the sea into the air, calling aerodromes H.M.S. So-and-so, and attributing the success of sea-borne air forces to the parent carrier ship rather than to the aeroplane.

This naval outlook upon the air relegates the aeroplane to the category of the torpedo, or the shell, or the man with a telescope aloft upon the crow's nest; but in effect it merely bends the new method of war to conform to the physical restrictions of the older method with which it is associated, because to operate outside those restrictions would benefit but little the functions of ships in war.

I remember before the war began, in the year 1938, when the Admiralty took over full control of the Fleet Air Arm, it was prophesied by some of the senior sailors that the future navy would operate one-third of its strength on the sea, one-third beneath the sea, and one-third in the air. It is impossible during war to state what the proportions actually are, but it is certain that all naval developments have moved in this direction since the war began.

IT is a fact clearly brought out in retrospect, but not properly perceived at the time, that the success of the evacuation of Dunkirk was due to four primary causes. These were (1) that characteristic of the British soldier which refuses to accept defeat; (2) the superb handling of the rescue craft; (3) the weather conditions which prevailed during the "Operation Dynamo"; (4) the covering operations of fighter, bomber and coastal aircrews of the R.A.F. No skill in organization upon the part of the officers commanding the naval, land, and air sides of the evacuation could have achieved success without having had that skill inalienably allied with the four characteristics I have mentioned.

In the invasion of Sicily we have seen the obverse side of the Dunkirk operation: the British soldier going forward into battle from small craft supported by the Navy and Air Force; all the same characteristics were exhibited; and there was the same general on the spot, General Alexander. This time there was no lack of material, and there was something which was absent at Dunkirk—the heavy guns of the big ships in support to provide artillery against the coastal batteries defending the Sicilian coast; during the evacuation of three years ago there was but the relatively light field artillery of the B.E.F. to counter the gun-crews of the Wehrmacht, and at night the bombers of the Royal Air Force.

HITLER Betrayed His Fear of the British

At Dunkirk and after, all the cards were apparently on the side of the Germans. They had gliders for carrying troops. We had none. They had transport aircraft. We had none. They had dive-bombers. We had none. They had parachute troops. We had none. They had superiority in tanks, aircraft, guns of all kinds, trained men. They had the military loot from Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium, France, Poland. They had thousands of barges gathered from all the inland waterways of Europe. How, then, did they come to fail?

It was because they believed that the capture of the United Kingdom could be made easy by its preliminary reduction (in the military sense) through the bombardment of the Luftwaffe. That bombardment over, the troops would just be able to sail over and walk in. Upon that, apparently, their whole strategy hung. Why? Because they were afraid. The German as an individual suffers from an inferiority complex towards his British counterpart. It shows itself in divers ways—in some Germans as arrogance, in others as an attitude of cringing. There are exceptions, but they are in the minority.

Hitler betrayed his fear of the British as a fighting race in Mein Kampf. One German who was a colonel before the war, and whose name I last saw reported with the rank of major-general somewhere in south-eastern Europe, came to London for his first visit to England about six years before the war. He witnessed the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. And this is what he afterwards said to me: "You British are not a military people, but you are a martial race!"

THE Germans, on the contrary, have been for generations a dragooned military people by compulsion, but they have never been, in the inner British way of taking to war (when the need arises) as a duck takes to water, a martial race. That is why we defeat them and how victory over us eludes their grasp. It is not in the spirit of the power of the German people to defeat the power of the spirit of the British people.

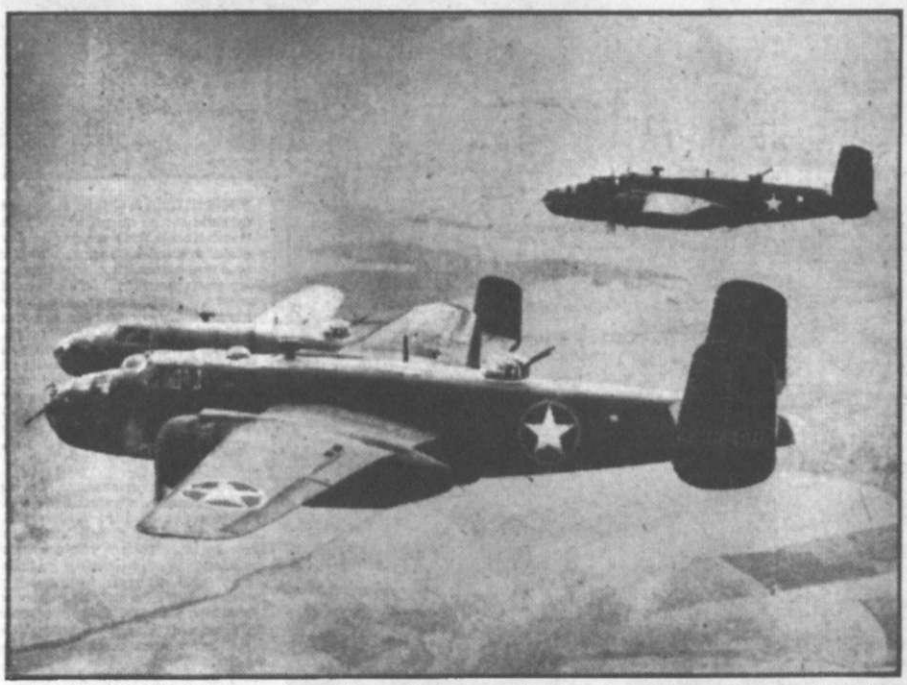
And so we have come to learn something of the meaning of air power and its application to war. We have applied it for the first time in its completest form to the invasion of Sicily. In the night before the morning when the assault was launched, glider-borne troops plunged through the darkness of the stormy air above the Mediterranean between North Africa and Sicily, on an indirect course which would bring them to landfall from an unsuspected direction, and, their tow-ropes cast off from the Douglas air-tugs, descended to landings and crash-landings in the light of a half-moon.

BOMB-BLASTED Almost Without Cessation.

The bands of lightly-armed men who emerged from the gliders moved forward towards strategic objectives with the purpose of seizing them and holding them, by this means to aid the subsequent advance of the sea-borne assault forces who would follow before the dawn. Parachute troops dropped through the darkened air silently. They came down in an island which had been blasted from the air for seven days and nights almost without cessation, by the might of a United Nations' Mediterranean air force of great superiority over the Axis combined air force. The enemy's Sicilian headquarters and its communications nerve centre in the telegraph and telephone building in Taormina had been struck by direct bomb-hits the day before.

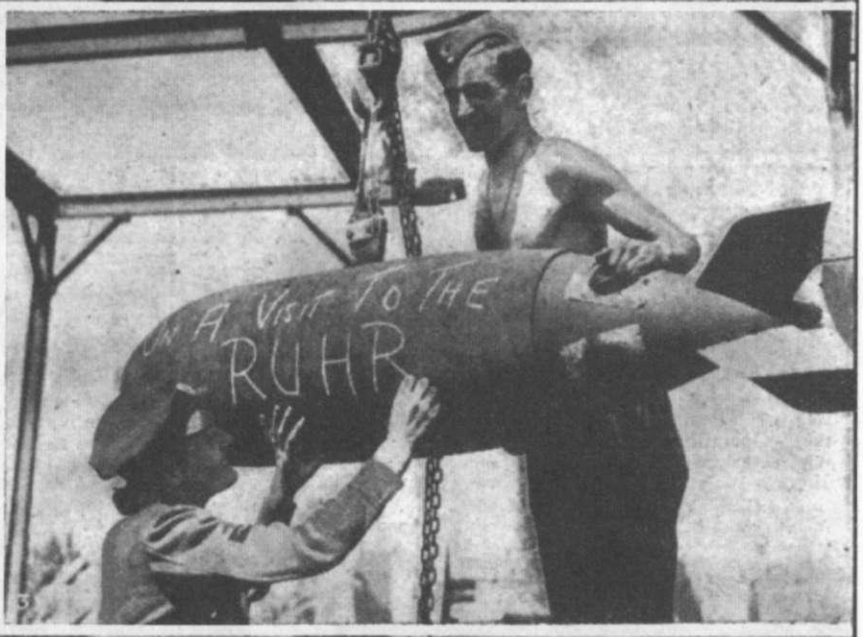
WITH daylight on July 10 came the waves of fighters, fighter-bombers and bombers bringing, in endless succession, support to the landing troops and the advancing troops, and protecting the sea-borne vessels of all kinds. Quickly the advance went on; airfields were captured and put into use with scant delay in spite of their having been ploughed over. The push north along the coast to Messina, and westwards along the south coast, moved with a rapidity beyond normal expectation. The bridgehead established was large enough to guarantee the power to disembark all troops and supplies with the utmost facility; while strategic bombers ranged to Palermo, Messina, Naples, Turin, and the hydro-electric power stations of northern Italy, these last two targets being attacked by Bomber Command from Britain.

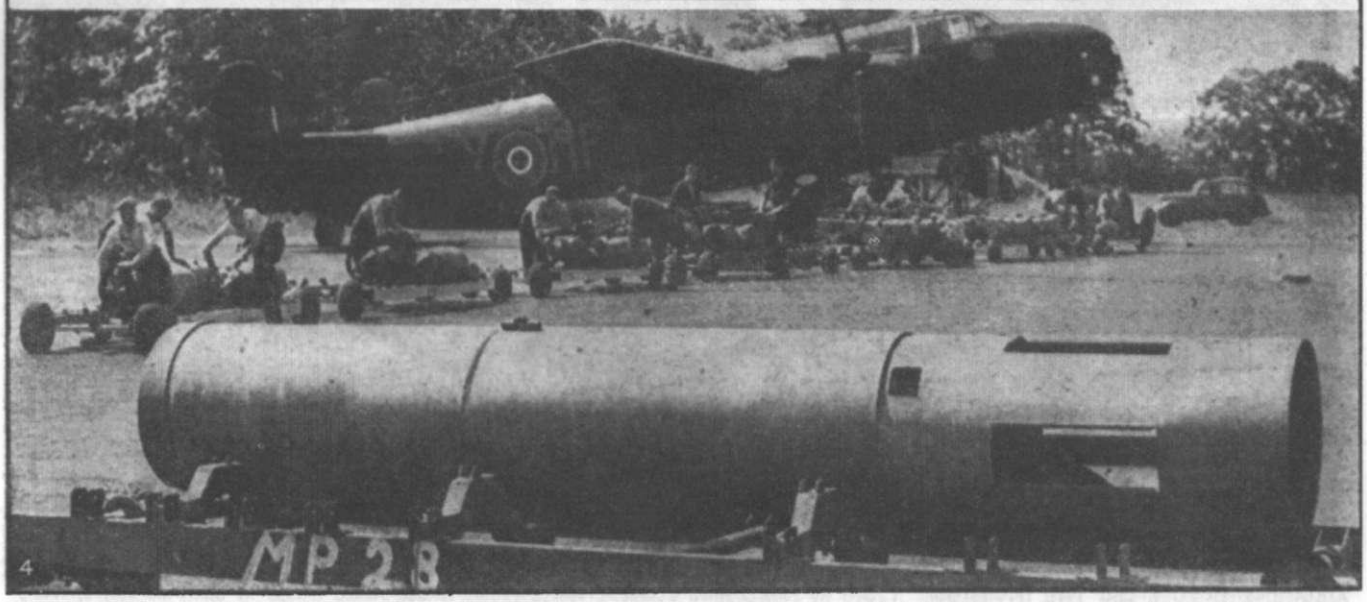
We have demonstrated to the world that the United Nations can achieve what Germany, under more favourable circumstances, failed to do in 1940. And for the opportunity extended to us to give that demonstration we must thank, first, all those who conducted themselves so well in Operation Dynamo; second, the boys of Fighter Command who defeated the Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain; and third, Adolf Hitler who turned east because he was afraid of Britain!



U.S. MITCHELL B.25s, seen here flying to Italy, were the first American medium bombers to raid the Italian mainland, on June 21, 1943. It was announced on July 16 that bombs had been dropped by these planes on Palermo, Sicilian capital, and on July 19 they took part in the first air attack on military objectives in Rome. *Photo, U.S. Official*

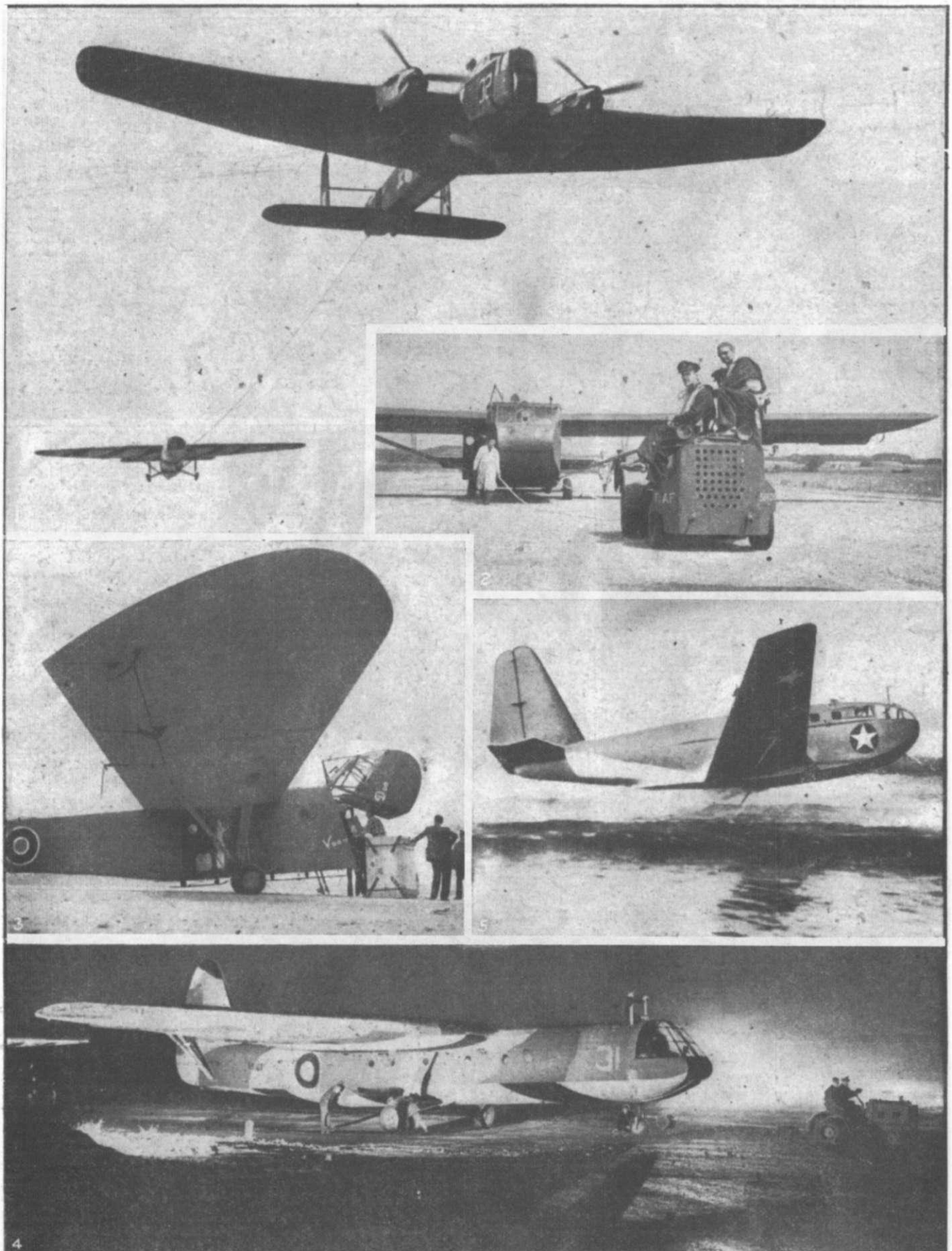
Preparing Our Bombers to Batter the Ruhr





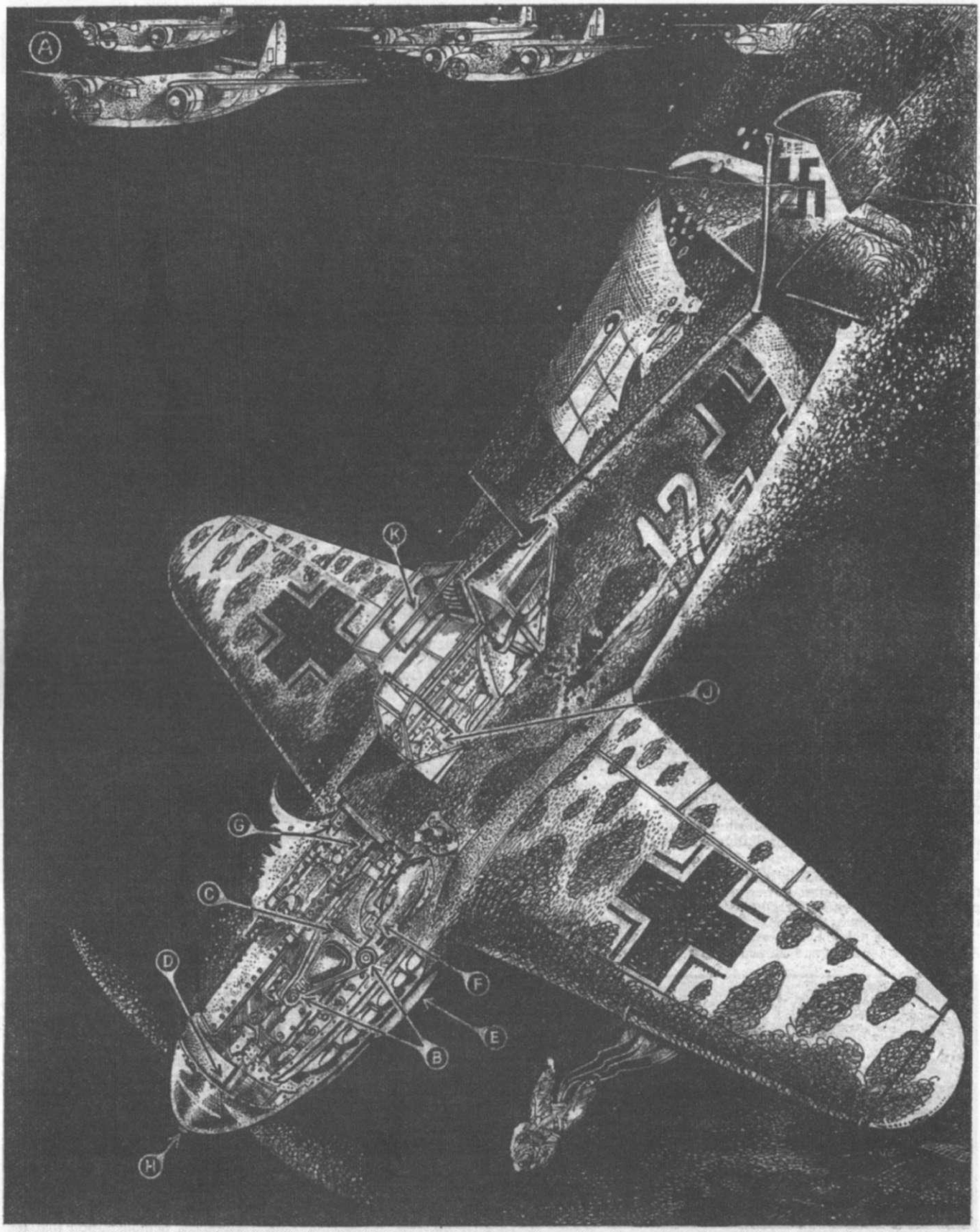
NON-FLYERS OF THE R.A.F.—the ground staffs—do tremendously important work behind the scenes. At a base from which our giant aircraft make devastating and almost nightly attacks against industrial targets of W. Germany, incendiaries are taken from an immense dump (1) and loaded into waiting planes. A W.A.A.F. meteorologist (2) gets a last-minute weather report before the raiders set off. This bomb (3) is given an appropriate inscription. A formidable bomb-load (4) is being prepared for the waiting Halifax. *Photos, Fox*

Our Gliders Made History in Sicily's Skies



AIRBORNE TROOPS LED THE INVASION. Towed by twin-engined bombers, Horsa gliders landed Allied troops in Sicily on July 9, 1943; Horsa glider (1) towed by a Whitley aircraft at a training-station; at (4) after a night flight. It was announced on July 5 that a freight-carrying glider, the U.S.-built Waco CG4A "Voodoo", had been towed by a Dakota plane from Montreal to Britain, captained by (2) Sqdn.-Ldr. R. G. Seys, D.F.C., R.A.F. Transport Command (right), with Sqdn.-Ldr. F. M. Gobeil, R.C.A.F., as co-pilot (3) The "Voodoo" being unloaded through the hinged nose; it carried 1½ tons of medical and war supplies. (5) An amphibious U.S. transport-glider skims the water. *Photos, British Official; Planet News*

'Given the Works'—Germany's ME 109F Dissected



NAZI FIGHTERS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN have vainly attempted to check the overwhelming Allied offensive. These aircraft include large numbers of ME 109s, which in one form or another have been in service with the Luftwaffe since the outbreak of war.

The above drawing shows an ME 109 F which has been shot down while trying to intercept a raid by Martin Marauder bombers (A). The German pilot has baled out. Interesting features of the plane can be identified in the drawing. The engine is a Daimler-Benz DB 601 N 12-cylinder inverted V type, developing 1,200 h.p. at about 16,000 feet. It is mounted by means of shock-resisting pads (B) on two large brackets (C). The oil tank is at (D) and oil cooler at (E). Air is taken into the supercharger at (F).

Armament includes two 7.9-mm. machine-guns (G) and a 15-mm. cannon mounted between the cylinder banks and firing through the spinner (H). The pilot fires these weapons by means of separate buttons on the control stick (J). Armour protection for pilot's back and head is provided; of 8 mm. thickness, it is seen at (K) fixed to open cockpit cover.

Over 80 gallons of petrol are held in the tank behind and beneath the pilot, giving a range of about 440 miles at over 300 m.p.h. Maximum speed is 370 m.p.h. and greatest height 37,000 ft. Wing span is 32 ft.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

He Flew From 'Shangri-La' to Bomb Tokyo

Before very long Tokyo and other cities in the Japanese homeland will be feeling the weight of Allied air-power. But so far only one raid has been made on Tokyo—that led by "Daredevil" Doolittle, the subject of this article by CURTISS HAMILTON.

On an April morning of last year a small man, with shrewd eyes and going a little bald, walked along the deck of the U.S. aircraft-carrier Hornet for the start of the greatest adventure of his life. This man, now in his middle forties, had spent twenty-five years as test pilot and stunt flyer; this was his first combat operation. It was more than that; it was his own idea, conceived at the moment he heard of the Pearl Harbour attack four months earlier, and he was personally to lead the raid on the capital of Japan on April 18, 1942.

If he looked a little preoccupied it was because the Hornet, steaming within 800 miles of Tokyo and far from its base, had been spotted by enemy forces. Plans had had to be hurriedly changed and the take-off made 10 hours in advance. What was to have been a night raid was now to be a day raid, with a strong possibility that ground and air defences, warned by radio, would be in full operation. Maj. James Doolittle and the 80 men he had personally selected for this task were not worried about the danger. They were worried that they might be driven from their targets and that months of careful preparation and rehearsal might be spoiled.

The Hornet turned into the wind and the plane piloted by Major Doolittle flew from its deck, circling until it had been joined by the other bombers. Then, with the Hornet turning at full speed for its base, the bombers flew towards the Japanese capital. They went in low to escape observation.

How the bombs raining down not only on Tokyo, but also on Yokohama, Nagoya, Kobe, and Osaka brought the Japanese the greatest shock in their military history; how Doolittle and his men completely deceived the defences; and how 64 of them, after making forced landings because of the unexpected distance they had had to travel, reached the Chinese lines and found their way back to America—all this is now a matter of history. For a year the world knew no more than that U.S. planes had bombed Japan from a base which President Roosevelt called "Shangri-La" in playful allusion to the mythical country of James Hilton's novel, Lost Horizon.

Now it has been officially confirmed that the base was an aircraft-carrier, and that the planes were led by Major Doolittle, who for twenty-five years had astonished and thrilled the American public by his spectacular flying. As the whole daring and well-conceived plan was revealed, it became evident how well Major Doolittle deserved the Congressional Medal of Honour and the rank of Brigadier-General given him a month after the raid. It made him "American Hero No. 2," second only to General MacArthur in popularity with the public.

A few months later "Daredevil" Doolittle was in London on a mission, the nature of which the Axis was left to guess. Few recognized him at the West End hotel where he stayed, for indeed Doolittle bears little resemblance to the hatchet-faced, hawk-eyed air ace of fiction. Presently Axis curiosity was satisfied about Doolittle's mission. Hundreds of tons of bombs from 100 Fortresses fell on Naples in April last in the first attack made by U.S. planes on Europe from North Africa. They were under the command of Maj.-Gen. Doolittle.

U.S. planes followed that up with the first air raid on Rome, in full daylight on July 19, 1943, the North-West African Strategical Air Force—of which Maj.-Gen. James Doolittle is commanding general—combining with Middle East based bombers to pound the carefully chosen military targets for 2½ hours. Of more than 500 planes which took part only five failed to return.

Doolittle Takes the Helm

His bombers have operated in many different places, with only minor losses. On one occasion Doolittle himself had a narrow escape, the Flying Fortress in which he was travelling with a number of staff officers being attacked simultaneously by four enemy aircraft. The co-pilot was hit, and Doolittle took his place; and after two of the enemy planes had been damaged the Germans gave up the attack.

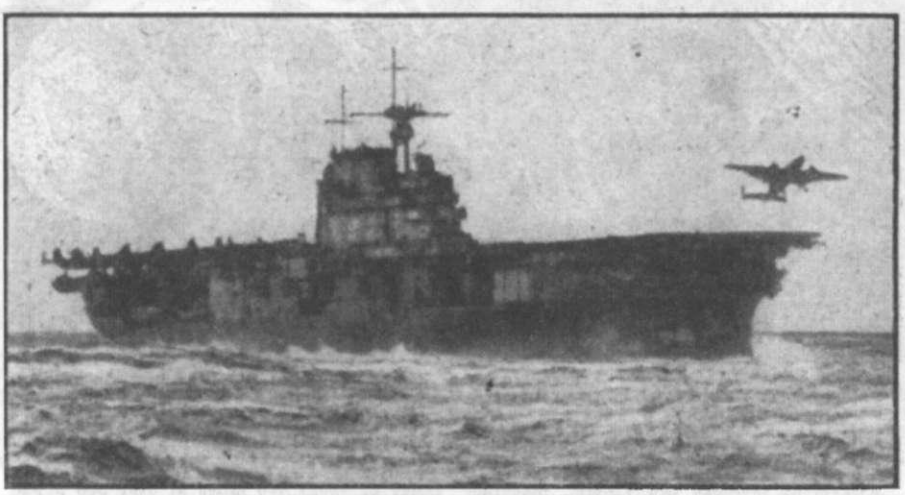
The success of Gen. Doolittle, who, as pilots go, is a veteran, is due to his unusual combination of talents. That he has courage, daring and boldness goes without saying. Since he went to North Africa he has been awarded the Silver Star, the third highest U.S. award for gallantry. But a general requires more than this. Doolittle is not only one of the most skilled pilots in the world in anything from a fighter to a multi-engined transport—he has set up world records in both—he is also a most careful planner, a man who realizes that all the courage and skill in the world are not enough without the most careful preparation. He does not hope for luck; but he courts it by overlooking no detail or possibility beforehand. It is a safe guess that the alternative plan of a daylight raid on Tokyo which was put into execution was no emergency make-do, but a scheme which had been as carefully rehearsed as the attack which the planes had been practising over American cities two months previously.

Maj.-Gen. DOOLITTLE was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honour on May 19, 1942; President Roosevelt is presenting it to the intrepid airman, whose wife looks on. On left, Gen. H. H. Arnold. *Photo, Topical*

All through his long career as test-pilot and stunt flyer, Doolittle's preparations have equalled the daring of his conceptions. The public had heard only of his breath-taking flights across America and his daring pioneer blind landings in fog. They heard little of his "going back to school" for a refresher course before preparing for a record-breaking flight, or his rigorous physical self-discipline and training before attempting some new feat in blind-flying or altitude flying.

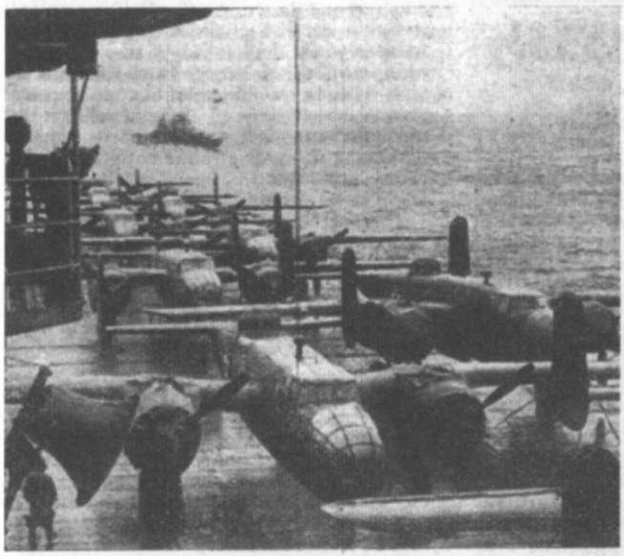
The bare facts of Doolittle's career which made him the hero of American civil aviation in the years between the wars are quickly told. He learned to fly in the last war, and was denied combat experience in France only because his skill made him so invaluable as an instructor that the authorities kept him in the U.S. With the coming of peace he turned to racing and record breaking. There were few important races he did not win, from the Schneider Trophy Race in 1925, when he beat the British, to the Bendix Trophy Race, when he became the first man to cross the U.S. in less than 12 hours.

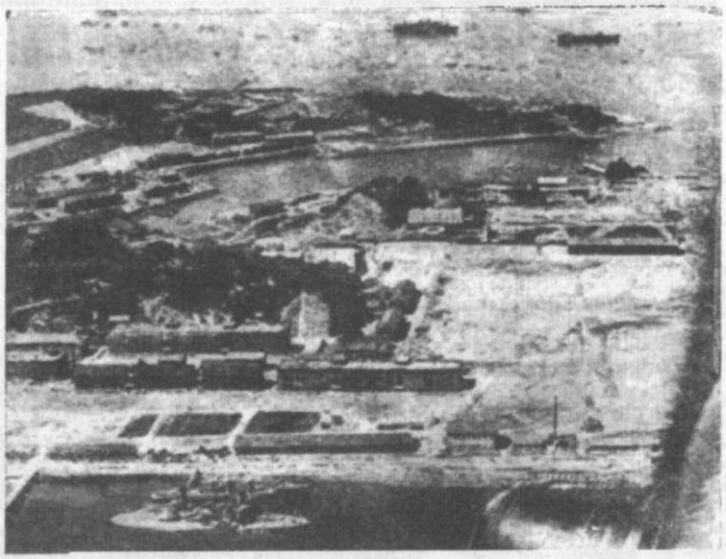
Doolittle rejoined the U.S. Army Air Force before America entered the War, and was engaged in research when Pearl Harbour, which gave America a shock, gave him an idea. The Tokyo raid was already in rehearsal in less than a month. It was his own idea, and he converted experts and chiefs in the services to his viewpoint that it was possible not only by his enthusiasm but also by hard facts and figures. The raid was not intended as a decisive military action, but as a "reply" to Pearl Harbour, a demonstration that the U.S. also had original ideas, as a "lift" for morale in the U.S. and an operation to keep the Japs guessing for months afterwards. After the raid Doolittle addressed a series of meetings of aircraft workers in California, and it is probable that his talks resulted in extra production more than equivalent to the number of planes lost (still secret) in the raid.



FIRST TO TAKE OFF from "Shangri-La," Doolittle's Mitchell bomber headed for Tokyo. This was the first time in the history of warfare that a raiding force of normally land-based bombers had taken off from an aircraft-carrier for a full-scale raid. *Photo, Associated Press*

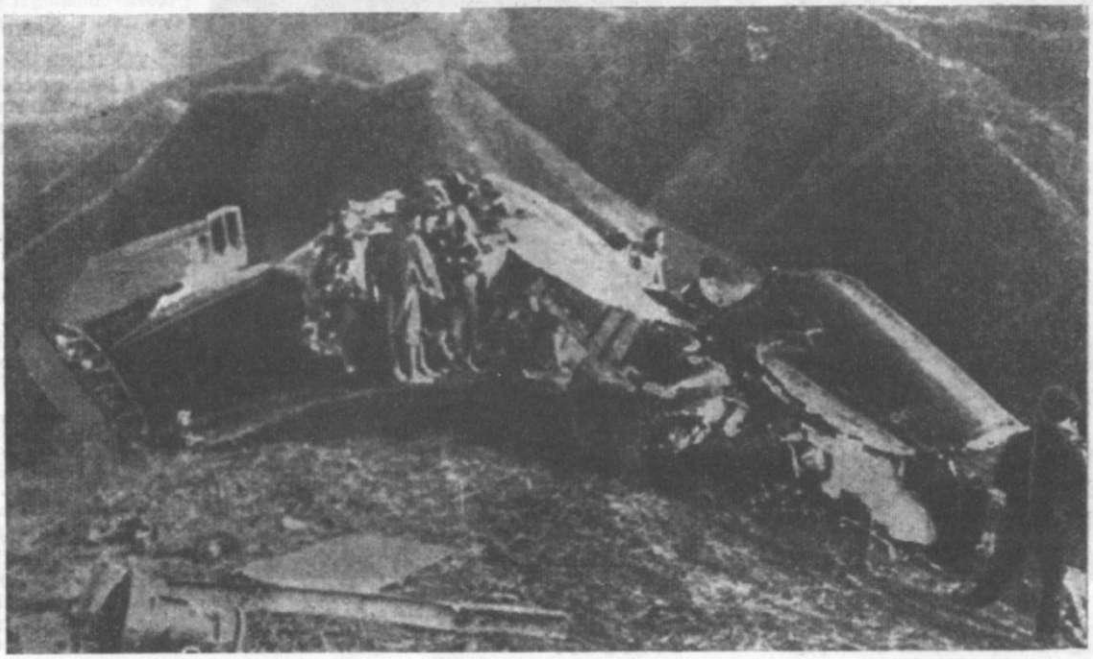
Before and After the Attack on Japan's Capital





ON THE HORNET'S FLIGHT DECK (above) U.S. Mitchell bombers assembled in readiness for the Tokyo raid ; escort ship is seen in background. Right, Yokosuka naval base, Tokyo, viewed from one of the attacking planes ; Japanese warships are shown in foreground.

AFTER THE RAID some of the pilots crash-landed in China. Above, they are being carried in rough conveyances to a village. Left, they are seen entering the village street on foot. Below, wreckage of Gen. Doolittle's bomber on a Chinese hill-top.



FAMOUS U.S. RAID ON TOKYO and other important Japanese cities which took place on April 18, last year (see opposite page and pages 680-681, vol. 5), was carried out by Mitchell medium bombers, it was disclosed on April 20, 1943. Sixteen of these aircraft, commanded by Maj.-Gen. (then Major) J. Doolittle, took off from the aircraft-carrier Hornet, 800 miles from the Japanese capital. The machines were to fly on to specified landing-fields in China after completion of the operation ; but they were unable to make the distance. One landed unharmed on Russian soil, others force-landed in China or in Chinese waters. Two were forced down in Japan, and the crews, consisting of eight men, were taken prisoner.

Photos, Associated Press, Keystone, New York Times Photos, Planet News

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

By Air and Sea We Swooped on Sicily

The Allied invasion of Sicily—main stepping-stone to Italy—began with the landing of glider-borne troops on the night of Friday, July 9, 1943. Large-scale landings from the sea began early next day. Here front-line reporters tell vivid stories of the initial operations by air, sea and land.

IT was exactly 10.22 on Friday night, July 9, when I heard Major Leonard Barrow, our pilot (I was in one of the U.S. tow-planes taking gliders packed with British troops to Sicily), speak into the inter-plane phone—" Calling glider, calling glider. Are you ready ? I repeat are you ready ? We are casting off." Then, before releasing the 300-ft. towline, the Major added: " And lots of luck, fellows."

I jumped on the navigator's table and looked out through the " blister " atop of Helen B, as our plane was called. For a moment the glider seemed to follow, then its wing dipped and it slipped to Sicily—its cargo of Britons braced and ready. Right and left it looked as if we were on top of Dante's " Inferno." The port we were over was throwing up heavy, light and medium flak, trying to clip the darting ships. The coast defences chimed in. I watched it coming at us, my face wet with sweat.

We were doing 187 miles an hour and driving out to sea when a big shell exploded beyond the tail and I saw a stream of tracers diverging like a garden hose towards our trailer companions. " It missed them, too," the radio sergeant breathed, dropping his earphones on the floor. Then Helen B banked into the darkness as Barrow " poured on some coal," and one night's ride I shall never forget passed its crisis.

On the way out to Sicily, on all sides were fires started by explosions. They spread as we watched, as fires will when nobody is around to put them out. Flashes sometimes indicated ground fire as the first airborne troops struck, and then a gun would stop firing and another beacon would go dark. Strangest in the blinking panorama were regularly spaced " street lights " the defenders sent up—suspended starlike for as much as fifteen minutes, they extended for miles. Searchlights probed between them like a policeman's seeking torch.

Crouched at the window of the squadron-leader's ship I watched our planes ahead and their trailers climb to the desired altitude and saw the gliders cast off. Drifting noiselessly to earth the glider boys rallied and went to work at their job of seizing a beach-head, striking the enemy from the flank and rear, cutting communications and causing general consternation. I could sense it there in the plane as the first ones landed—a sudden darkening of lights and the cessation of A.A. fire at certain spots. It was a little weird and a whole lot exciting.

The paratroops in the transports had their weapons strapped to their sides. The British were in gliders with British pilots—eager, laughing Tommies who couldn't wait to land in Mussolini's acres. They were the spear-head.—*Ivan H. Peterman, American representative of the Combined Press.*

We Battled Ashore Through Waist-Deep Water

I LANDED alongside the first wave of assault companies of a famous Canadian regiment on the sandy beach of Costa del Ambra, four miles, south-west of Pachino, at 5.15 on Saturday morning, July 10, and the Canucks have been rushing ahead ever since. It is a tough job keeping up with them on two feet.

The Italian beach defences, which folded up like a concertina, were merely barbed wire and some machine-gun posts which fired a few bursts and then gave up. On our beach the enemy were evidently counting on the sand bar, 15 feet off shore, as a natural defence. But the Canadians surprised them completely by coming in in the heavy surf, and battling ashore through rough water up to the waist.

Coastal batteries shelled the boats, but the firing was erratic. The Canadians went through the beach defences in a matter of minutes, cleared them and struck inland, mopping up groups of Italians en route. More than 700 prisoners, including 15 officers, have been captured already. All day columns of prisoners poured down from the front, a happy-looking crowd guarded by one or two soldiers.

The Royal Navy has been giving the troops magnificent gun support, and big and small warships lying close inshore bombard targets with thundering salvos. During the day we did not see an enemy aircraft. It seemed eerie not having any about. The beach looked like a Cup Final traffic jam with tanks, guns and trucks ploughing through the sand to the roads leading inland. It was almost unbelievable to the Canadians that this first stage could be so easy.

I started this story of the first day in a slit trench on my cliff-top position, and it is being finished now in the early morning aboard headquarters ship. Last night bombers attacked troops near the beach and tried to hit ships under the glare of flares. The raid lasted only about 30 minutes and was not effective. Our A.A. from ships and shore was terrific.

The troops were well dug in ashore, and the bombers could not touch them except by direct hits. The R.A.F. have been giving us fighter protection, and you hear the drone of Spitfires nearly all day. The ships have barrage balloons up, and it looks like part of London. Thousands and thousands of troops poured in on the bridgehead after the successful assault, and vehicles, guns and ammunition have been rushed to the beaches.

Secrecy Maintained

The day before the attack we started to head in the general direction of Sicily, and everyone was keyed to high pitch. In the morning the wind started to kick up white-caps on the sea. The wind rose steadily and our spirits sank, for we thought the operation would have to be postponed. Our small boats could not have lived in that sea. But there was bright burning sunshine and no message came telling us the job was off. The colonel told us the attack was to go on. At last we were on our way.

During the evening we learned from H.Q. ship that Pachino airfield had been ploughed up. Some thought that perhaps the Italians had got wind of our attack, but secrecy had been maintained 100 per cent. The attack was a tactical surprise. The officers met in the lounge. " We are on the eve of a night in the history of the world which will never be forgotten," said the colonel. " We will look back on this night and our children will." Then everyone repeated the Lord's Prayer, and shook hands all round. The meeting broke up.

I went out on deck and watched our convoy in the moonlight. Darkness fell and we were still heading towards Sicily. The High Command gambled on the wind falling—and they won. Then the big convoy broke up. The Americans headed off for the Gela beaches.

'YOUR DESTINATION IS SICILY, and you will be the first American troops to land! the U.S. officer (standing) is saying to his paratroops, in their transport plane. A story by Ivan Peterman, American correspondent, who accompanied British glider-borne troops to Sicily on the night of July 9, is given in this page. *Radio photo, Planet News*

We sailed right ahead under the first-quarter moon that gilded the ocean.

I was going in with the naval commander in the naval motor-launch which guided the assault troops to the right beaches. At 1 a.m. we went down the side. Slowly the assault landing-craft gathered around us for the run-in. Many troops were seasick in them. It was a thrilling moment. Tremendous explosions boomed out in the night. I think it was bombing far inland.

Some Royal Canadian Engineers from Nova Scotia and two companies of an Ontario regiment were touching down ahead of us. There were spurts of machine-gun bullets at their boats and along the beach, and then I heard our Bren guns.

Some of the beach defences were still pegging away with their final shots before being wiped out. A coastal battery, halfway between the beach and Pachino, was firing with six-inch guns. Shells crashed into the sea around us, too close for comfort, but they did not hit a thing.

I cleared off down the beach with one thought in my mind—to dig in against dive-bombing, which I thought was certain to come. I had no spade, so I scooped out the sand with my hands and my tin cup. The sun was now up. Infantrymen with fixed bayonets were prodding the bushes on the dunes. The first prisoner had been taken—a soldier in a pillbox; apparently others had run.

Canadians moved up the hill to the right of the beach and occupied it. There was some firing at farmhouses among the vineyards of the gently rising land. There are stone walls around most of the fields. For half an hour I waited tensely for enemy planes, as did many others, but they never showed up. The beach was organized now and special British beach groups had the whole situation well in hand.

First Italian Prisoners

Canadian infantry were now racing up the road leading to Maucini, a mile and a half from the beach. In an old monastery on the hill-top they surprised nearly 200 Italian soldiers and captured the lot of them. Troops of an Ontario regiment by now were about three miles inland and pushing ahead at top speed with Royal Canadian Engineers and British sappers going ahead through the fields with mine detectors. They located several large minefields and dug up scores of the latest model German mine.

On the right flank a British formation had equal success in landing and taking out beach defences. They occupied the tip of the peninsula, and I believe captured Pachino. Vancouver and Winnipeg regiments virtually walked in standing up and infiltrated inland, cleaning out pocket resistance and occupying high ground with British troops on their left.

After about half an hour on the beach I began to trudge up the Maucini road. At the first turn I met a batch of Canadians who had made the initial assault. They told me that the first civilian they ran into was a Sicilian who had lived in Toronto for seven years. Bren gun carriers were ashore now and they clattered along the hard dusty roads on their way to the Pachino area. Long columns of troops followed up the assault infantry. The beach was a conglomeration of soldiers, vehicles, landing-craft, radio sets, and beach-markings indicating where craft could come in.

About 400 yards from the beach I went round a sharp turn in the road and saw the first prisoners coming in. Two hundred Italians taken at Maucini were marching down the road with three Canadians escorting them with fixed bayonets.

Canadians and British troops were in their tropical kit and wearing shorts. They looked like veterans; by noon all were covered with white dust. A frequent comment to us, as we passed them was: "Say, where's the war?" This whole advance seemed so unreal, and was nothing like what the troops expected. They'd got over the first hurdle in good style, and many had been in action and they were feeling like kings of Sicily.—*Ross Munro, Combined British Press, with the Canadians, S.E. Sicily.*

MOVING TOWARDS THE LANDING-CRAFT at a base from which Allied sea-borne attacks were launched against Sicily, these British troops are all keyed-up and fighting-fit for the great adventure—complete subjugation of the island. *Photo, British Official*

Gela Beach Was Like a Fourth of July Display

THE ships in the invasion fleet joined up on the night before the invasion (a young naval officer in charge of a naval craft which led the landing-barges into the beach at Gela, on the south coast of Sicily, told me). It was a rough night (he went on) and I thought the soldiers were going to be sick, but they weren't—possibly through excitement. We slipped slowly in shore, and about 11 o'clock saw our airmen busily bombing. There was a good deal of A.A. fire. We thought the whole show had been given away, but we were mistaken. There were a lot of searchlights about, and we thought they were looking for us.

One searchlight flashed out to sea and we tried to put it out. We were out of range, but an American cruiser in the vicinity put it out with its first salvo. It was some shooting. There were many fires on shore. There was little coastal battery fire by the enemy, either because he had no powerful guns at the spot or our airmen had knocked them out.

We saw the landing-craft go in. There was a certain amount of opposition, but they got in safely. The surprise seemed to be complete. I don't think the enemy thought we were going to assault that particular beach. There was a good deal of machine-gun fire. There were also numbers of explosions and a lot of noise. It was something like a Fourth of July display.

We stayed inshore for an hour and a half, giving what help we could with our guns. There was a good deal of shooting going on, but it came mostly from the sea. If the enemy had had sufficient and large enough guns he could have given us a lot of trouble.

We returned to our parent ship and some enemy planes came over, but only just a few. From beginning to end we had complete air superiority. Whenever we looked up into the moonlit sky or heard a plane it was five hundred to one that it was an Allied one. We screened our parent ship for some time and were then asked to take more landing-craft to the beach. When we drew close in enemy shells were falling some yards away, so we said to the landing-craft: "That's the way. Step in and help yourselves."

There must have been some casualties

among the landing forces from machine-gun fire, but I don't think there were very many. I saw no ships lost during the landing, and I don't think that any were even hit. Casualties throughout were smaller than even the greatest optimist could have hoped for. I knew there were mines in the vicinity, but I didn't tell my crew. They were in action for the first time, but they behaved like veterans. Quite frankly, I didn't expect to come back.—*Haig Nicholson, Reuters Special Correspondent in North Africa*

Italian Prisoners Helped Us Land Our Guns

ONLY a few hours after they were captured, Italian prisoners were cheerfully helping to unload stores and ammunition from Allied landing-craft on the Sicily beaches. The first prisoners were made at dawn on the first day of the landing. They came down from the hill where they had been fighting and surrendered.

Greyish brown columns of smoke drifted over the sun-drenched hills and the air resounded with the bark of field guns and the booming of ships' broadsides as I watched the most gigantic combined operational assault ever concentrated on a single island. It was exactly midnight when we arrived. The sky was illuminated with the flashes of bombs. Dozens of fierce fires were burning and flares hung suspended in the sky.

I sailed in with British infantry on a troop-landing ship which had done service at Lofoten, Dieppe and Boulogne, and in North Africa. A wind had risen and high seas were running. By the dim light of a sickle moon one could pick out the other ships of the convoy forming into line. Tank-landing craft, little trawlers, and M.T.B.s plunged and wallowed in the deep trough of the sea. Escort destroyers circled on the watch for submarines and enemy surface craft.

Midnight came—zero hour. The troops were piped from the mess decks into the assault craft. "Away, landing-craft!" came the order, given by Lieut.-Commander J. R. Bradstock. We slithered over the tops of the waves. It took some time to reach shore. A searchlight suddenly lit up and swung towards us and miraculously went out again just before reaching us.

To our right, where other assault craft had already hit the beach, streams of red tracer bullets seared the blackness of the night. The thunder of the surf grew louder as we passed a small island. Then we saw the shore—a white lighthouse and some concrete pillboxes. "Get ready to land," whispered the young officer in charge of the assault craft—Lieut. G. Brown, in peacetime a Bristol business man, who handled his boat with the skill and confidence of a seasoned veteran.

SIGNBOARD OF MONTGOMERY'S H.Q. Here is a notice being fixed to the side of the General's travelling Headquarters at a North African port shortly before the commencement of the Sicilian invasion.
Photo, British Official

The assault craft slithered and bumped over the rocks. The forward gangway was swung down and the men, heavily loaded with kit and weapons, plunged into the surging sea and stumbled ashore. Led by their colonel, they moved ahead calmly, in Indian file. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sharp crack of rifle and machine-gun fire. Bullets sang over our heads and twanged into the metal sides of the assault craft. There was still heavy equipment to be disembarked, so we backed the barge and headed for a more promising landing spot. Here Jeeps and motor-cycles were ridden through the breakers and pushed up the beach. Men stumbled back and forth through the surf with boxes of ammunition.

The snipers were getting more accurate. "We'd better get clear back to the ship," said Lieut. Brown, and we moved ponderously seaward while a hail of small arms fire whistled overhead.

A dull, tawny light was creeping over the sky and revealing an amazing sight. As far as the eye could see were craft of every imaginable type, riding proudly barely two miles from the shore; tank-landing craft chugged towards the beaches while British cruisers and destroyers covering them slammed shells into enemy positions. Suddenly Lieut. Brown spotted the grey-green wreckage of a floating aircraft. We altered course and pulled aboard nine nearly exhausted paratroops. They had been in the water since 11 o'clock the previous night, when they landed just short of the shore.

As the morning wore on we waited for what we thought was the inevitable Luftwaffe attack—but none came. Only once two Me109s came sweeping low over the beach, but they were driven off by small arms fire. Meanwhile reports started to arrive: "Enemy posts on high ground captured"; "Contact established." We had suffered no casualties and had landed every man from the ship.—*Desmond Tighe, Reuters Correspondent*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JULY 7, 1943, Wednesday *1,404th day*
Sicily.—Gerbini and other airfields bombed.
Russian Front.—On Orel-Kursk front, reported that 520 German tanks put out of action and 229 aircraft destroyed.
General.—China entered 7th year of war with Japan.

JULY 8, Thursday *1,405th day*
Air.—Cologne attacked for 118th time; over 1,000 tons of bombs dropped.
Sicily.—Catania and other airfields bombed.
Russian Front.—Germans penetrated Soviet line in Bielgorod area; 304 German tanks destroyed or disabled and 161 aircraft shot down.
General.—Gen. Giraud and President Roosevelt reached agreement for equipment of French Army of 300,000 to be supplied by U.S.A.

JULY 9, Friday *1,406th day*
Air.—Gelsenkirchen (Central Ruhr) heavily bombed.
Sicily.—Allied glider and parachute troops invaded Sicily before midnight.
Australasia.—Munda (New Georgia) bombarded from air and sea and from Rendova Island; bombers attacked Jap naval force off Choiseul Island (Solomons).

JULY 10, Saturday *1,407th day*
Sicily.—Invasion armada of 2,000 vessels landed British, Canadian and American troops on Sicilian coast. Syracuse captured by 8th Army units.
Australasia.—Munda again bombarded.

JULY 11, Sunday *1,408th day*
Sicily.—Announced Allied forces had captured 3 airfields, including one at Pachino. Reported that British and Canadians linked up on Cape Passero. Pozzallo and Noto captured.
Russian Front.—Concentrated German attacks repulsed in Orel-Kursk area.
Australasia.—Salamaua (New Guinea) and Munda (New Georgia) heavily raided.

JULY 12, Monday *1,409th day*
Air.—Turin (N. Italian armanent centre) bombed by strongest force of aircraft ever sent from Britain to an Italian target.
Sicily.—Announced towns of Avola, Pachino, Scoglitti, Gela, Ispica, Licata, and Rosolini captured.
Australasia.—Rabaul (New Britain) raided by Liberators. Second naval action within a week fought in Kula Gulf.

JULY 13, Tuesday *1,410th day*
Air.—Aachen (W. Germany) raided.
Sicily.—Fall of Floridia and Palazzolo announced.
Russian Front.—Fighting in Bielgorod area continued with utmost ferocity.

JULY 14, Wednesday *1,411th day*
Sicily.—Augusta captured by a British and a Greek destroyer. Ragusa and Naro occupied. Announced fall of Comiso and Ponte Olivo to Americans, Modica to Canadians, Priolo to British. Capture announced of Gen. Davet, commander of Italian 206th Division, together with his H.Q.; 12,000 prisoners taken to date. Disclosed that French troops were operating with Allies.

JULY 15, Thursday *1,412th day*
Air.—Poix and Abbeville airfields (France) attacked by Typhoon and Boston bombers. Halifaxes attacked Peugeot vehicle works at Montbéliard (France). Lancasters attacked N. Italian electrical transformer stations.
Sicily.—Announced Melilli, Biscari airfield, Vizzini, and commander and staff of 54th Naples Division, captured.
Russian Front.—N. of Orel, Soviet troops advanced 28 m. on 25 m. front; and E. of Orel, 12-15 m. on 20 m. front; five enemy divisions routed and strong enemy defences pierced; claimed 12,000 German troops killed and 2,000 taken prisoner, 104 tanks and 294 aircraft destroyed in course of offensive to date. Enemy assaults in Bielgorod area continued without success; in Orel-Kursk area enemy went over to defensive.
Australasia.—Announced Mubo (New Guinea) encircled, and Greenhill, important point in Mubo defence system, captured. 45 Jap aircraft destroyed over Rendova Island.

JULY 16, Friday *1,413th day*
Air.—N. Italian switching and transformer stations at Milan and Bologna bombed by Lancasters.
Sicily.—Announced capture of 13 places, including Canicatti and Canicattini.
Russian Front.—Soviet forces advanced 6 to 9 miles in Orel sector.
Australasia.—Capture announced of Mubo (New Guinea); Munda (New Georgia) pounded by 100 U.S. aircraft. Jap aircraft bombed Guadalcanal.

JULY 17, Saturday *1,414th day*
Air.—Amsterdam and N.W. Germany bombed by Fortresses.
Sicily.—Announced Scordia, Lentini, Caltagirone and Grammichele taken by 8th Army, Agrigento and Porto Empedocle by Americans. Catania in flames as result of air and sea bombardments. Gen. Alexander appointed Military Governor of Sicily. Anglo-American Military Government (AMGOT) set up, headed by Maj.-Gen. Lord Rennell.
Russian Front.—Soviet troops advanced 8 miles in Orel-Kursk sector.
Australasia.—Jap shipping in Buin-Faisi area of Solomons struck by 200 aircraft in greatest air attack yet launched in this area. 7 Jap ships sunk.

JULY 18, Sunday *1,415th day*
Sicily.—One-third of island in Allied hands along with 30,000 prisoners.
Australasia.—Jap shipping in Buin-Faisi area and Kahili airfields (Solomons) heavily attacked. Munda bombed.

JULY 19, Monday *1,416th day*
Sicily.—Announced capture of Caltanisetta by Americans and Piazza Armerina by Canadians. 8th Army reached Gerbini area and point 3 miles from Catania; Randazzo raided by Mitchells; 35,000 prisoners taken to date.
Mediterranean.—Rome military targets bombed for first time, by U.S. Fortresses, Liberators, Marauders and Mitchells; warning leaflets dropped on city before raid.
Russian Front.—Soviet troops advanced in Orel sector.

JULY 20, Tuesday *1,417th day*
Sicily.—8th Army bridgeheads established south of Catania held against strong enemy counter-attacks. Enna fell to joint U.S. and Canadian attack.
Russian Front.—Russians advanced 3 to 5 miles in Orel sector, repulsing 10 enemy counter-attacks; in Bielgorod area advances of 6 to 8 miles made; in Donetz basin Soviet troops forced crossing of Donetz and Mius rivers; Mtsensk and Voroshilovo captured.
General.—Gen. Giraud arrived in Britain.

Flash-backs

1940

July 11. *Marshal Pétain announced formation of new Government, with himself as "Chief of the French State."*

July 14. *British garrison of Moyale (Kenya) withdrew after prolonged resistance to Italians.*

July 19. *Italian cruiser Bartolomeo Colleoni sunk in Mediterranean by Australian cruiser Sydney.*

1941

July 15. *Allied troops occupied Beirut (Syria).*

July 16. *Four-week battle of Smolensk opened.*

July 19. *Col. Britton announced on radio the formation of "V for Victory" army.*

1942

July 14. *Germans attacked Tel El Eisa (Egypt), British secured objectives on Ruweisat Ridge. Gen. de Gaulle's "Free French" Movement became "Fighting France."*

July 19. *Russians announced evacuation of Voroshilovgrad, 100 miles N. of Rostov.*

Editor's Postscript

FEW people realize what a marvel of human ingenuity there is in supplying a country with all that its inhabitants need, even in peacetime. How vastly greater is the miracle of keeping huge armies fed at a distance from their bases, and munitioned as well, and kept going with armaments of every kind! If you begin to think of the process in detail, it is positively bewildering. All the movements of the stuff to be carried, perhaps thousands of miles, have to be most carefully timed and co-ordinated. The hours taken in loading and unloading must be calculated to a minute. The arrivals at ports must tally with the readiness of ships to take cargo. The transfer from rail to hold, and from hold to rail again at the other end, has to be done with the least possible delay.

The labour to do it has to be on the spot whenever needed. Day by day, night by night, this endless chain of transport goes on. One broken link might throw it all out. It goes on without ceasing for an instant, thanks to the toil and calculations of great numbers of unknown men and women in offices and railway yards, on quaysides, and on board ships. They deserve our deep gratitude as much as the fighting men. Perhaps more, for their job is never exciting, though it often is dangerous, and its faithful accomplishment is essential to winning the war. I could expand considerably on this fascinating subject, a special aspect of which has been dealt with in page 142 of this issue.

I LIKE the up-to-date vigour and forthright language of Lieut.-General A. G. L. McNaughton, famous G.O.C. in Chief, 1st Canadian Army, as expressed in statements which he made when he visited Sicily shortly after the opening of the invasion. Commenting on that operation, he said, "It was a pretty remarkable feat . . . The ships were marshalled in perfect order. They made the correct rendezvous to the minute, they carried out the intricate manoeuvres as planned, and they landed on the right beaches at the right time. I call it a marvellous achievement." But why, I wonder, did this forceful Army Chief elect to use the word "pretty" in that connexion? To me, it does not seem to fit. "Truly," perhaps, or even "amazingly." But that colloquialism of "pretty" I like it not. It falls short of doing justice to the tremendous occasion. However, the most captious critic could find no fault with his declaration, "The operation as a whole was the most perfect example of combined operations the world has ever seen." He went on, "It must shake the Japs as well as the Germans to know that an overwhelming force can be brought to bear whenever and wherever the Allied leaders give the order."

BOTH the Admiralty and the War Office cling to old-time phrases that have an odd sound to modern ears. For instance, in announcing the retirement of a general officer, the W.O. stated that "the tour of duty for which he had been recalled had been completed." Most readers of that must have wondered what a "tour" meant in this connexion, and probably put it down to a misprint (when in doubt, blame the printer!). It is used in its French meaning, which is "turn." Probably it has been a military expression in Britain since the days of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Then, the Admiralty always insists on the B.B.C. adding to news of reverses or ships lost the statement that "the next-of-kin of casualties have been informed." That is done as a matter of course, not only by the Naval authorities but by those of the Army and the Air Force. Yet the expression continues to be used, just for old sake's sake. I dare say old naval men would feel something valuable was missing if they did not hear it always tacked on when "regrettable incidents" are made known to the nation. That phrase, by the way—"regrettable incident"—was so frequently included in Boer War communiqués that it became a joke and was hastily dropped.

IN several Continental countries they used to help railway passengers to get trains without having to ask questions of harassed officials. No one was allowed on the platforms before a train came in. All who were waiting for trains sat in a big comfortable waiting-room. When a train was signalled a porter put his head in and called out the names of the places it was going to. All who were bound for those places filed out. This applied only to long-distance trains. For suburban services it was not required. It certainly was of great assistance; more so, I think, than the loudspeakers now installed at many of our stations which often produce merely a blare of incomprehensible sound.

I was reminded of that Continental method while I sat on Paddington Station waiting for a train to the West, where business took me a few days ago. As the hour at which it was expected drew near, we lined up on the edge of the platform. Many who had not waited got even better places than some who had. As the train slowed down we grabbed the handles and scrambled in. In the North passengers queue for trains, which is a much better plan; and safer, too, for boarding a train before it has quite come to a standstill is a risky business.

Lt.-Gen. J. L. DEVERS, whose appointment as Commander U.S. Forces in the European Theatre of Operations was announced on May 6, 1943, is one of America's foremost tank experts; he was Chief of the American Armoured Force from August 1941.
Photo, U.S. Official

MOST men of the R.A.F. Regiment, formed last year to protect airfields, are glad they are to have exercises of a useful military character by way of training for their very important duties. They have been in many parts of the country (unless they were on A.A. duty) fed up with having nothing to do. One R.A.F. Regiment private I know attached himself to one of his officers as an extra batman, just to fill up his time. He said that polishing silver and Hoovering carpets was preferable to hanging about. Now they will not so often find time hang heavy on their hands.

WHEN one opens one's morning paper and scans the headlines, "Rome is Burning!" comes easily first as an eye-catcher. Back to Nero! Musso may be fiddling for all we know, but whatever he's doing is "on the strict Q.T.," as the old music-hall ditty had it. More than ever can we repeat today the words of Mr. Churchill that Italy owes all her present and impending tribulations to "one man, and one man alone." Soon we may have the satisfaction of seeing the puffed-up maker of the new Roman Empire as completely defeated as Nero, the short-lived tyrant of Old Rome, who gave him a lead by doing the deflation himself in the manner of the honourable harakirists of Japan.

TO the news that no more whisky is to be made has been added the announcement that stocks of wine are nearing exhaustion. It looks as if we might have Prohibition forced on us by circumstances, instead of being jockeyed into it by crazy fanatics and dishonest politicians, as were the Americans. Since North Africa was freed from Vichy rule some small amount of Algerian wine has been arriving, but it is grotesquely dear considering what its price used to be: fifteen shillings a bottle for what sold before the war at about one-and-ninepence—if you knew where to buy it. Plenty of purchasers seem to be found for it, though.

While five shillings is the authorized limit for a hotel or restaurant meal, it is possible to have a very costly dinner at home. Salmon at 5s. 6d. a pound to start with and peaches at 3s. 6d. each to finish with (they have been as much as 9s. each), with what used to be known as cheap wine at nearly £10 a dozen. Chickens at 12s. 6d. apiece could be added.

IT is a terrible affliction to be deaf. Many people say they would rather be blind, if they were compelled to choose between the two disabilities. Blind people have their other faculties sharpened, and everyone is kind to them. Deafness has a dulling effect on the mind and arouses very little sympathy; it is regarded by the thoughtless as a nuisance rather than a misfortune. It is painful, therefore, to know that shortage of shipping space is causing a number of deaf persons to be without the aids to hearing on which they have been accustomed to rely.

These, I am told, came from the United States. It may be that they required some material that is now more urgently needed for armament production. Anyway, they don't come; and this causes much suffering among folk whose lot is hard enough at all times. It is just "one of those things."

OUR next issue will be mainly devoted to illustrating the Battle of Sicily, of which a fine selection of photographs is in hand.

Two Far-Famed Warriors Seen at Ease

MEETING IN LONDON last May, Gen. Montgomery (left), C.-in-C. 8th Army, is here seen in conversation with Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell of Cyrenaica and Winchester, Viceroy-Designate of India. The General had returned from N. Africa, while the Field-Marshal had come back from the U.S.A., where he had been present at the Churchill-Roosevelt conferences at Washington. *Photo, Planet News*

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